Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 81.—Vol. VI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 21, 1905 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Downey*

A Little Sportsman

Prince Eddy, who has just been appointed to the command of the brig *King Edward VII.*, in Virginia Water, will celebrate his eleventh birthday next Friday

No. 81.—Vol. VI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"A Doctor in Corduroy." By Max Baring. (Greening: 6s.)

"Time the Enemy." By H. A. Darlington. (Jarrold and Sons: 6s.)

"The Missing Elizabeth." By Adeline Sergeant. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"With the Russians in Manchuria." By Maurice Baring. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)

"Swinburne's Tragedies." Collected Edition, in Five Volumes. Vol. I.—"The Queen Mother and Rosamond." (Chatto and Windus: 5s. net.)

"True to the Flag." Sailors' Poems. Compiled by E. C. Ommanney. (Routledge: 1s. net.)

"The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. New Edition, with eight full-page illustrations by May Sandheim. (Routledge: 1s. 6d.)

"The Rainbow and the Rose." Poems by E. Nesbit. (Longmans: 5s.)

"How to Use a Camera." By Clive Holland. (Routledge: 1s. net.)

EXHIBITIONS

ÆOLIAN HALL, 135, New Bond Street

A. Henry Savage-Landor's Pictures of Tibet and Nepal. June 15 to July 14. Admission free.

DORÉ GALLERY (South Room)

Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny's Water-Colour Drawings, "River and Seascape." 10 to 6 o'clock.

BRUTON GALLERIES

CENTRE GALLERY.—Miniatures by Signor Ugo Catani. June 16 to July 31.—Oil Paintings of Ireland by Francis S. Walker.

SOUTH GALLERY.—Designs for Scenery by Edward Gordon Craig.

NORTH GALLERY.—Water Colours of Algiers by Fred Thoroton.

Random Jottings

June 21, 1905

The Tsar's Want of Self-Knowledge

Peace has been the topic of the week, and if only the Tsar could have had the same "exceptional opportunities" of learning what would be acceptable to him as have some of our newspaper representatives, peace would, by this time, have been declared. Unfortunately, up to the time of going to press—he hasn't.

Virtue Unrewarded

The statement that China will, in the end, prove to be the only country that has benefited by the war is said to be causing some jealousy among the Koreans. As they justly point out, they were equally ready to side with the winner.

A False Alarm

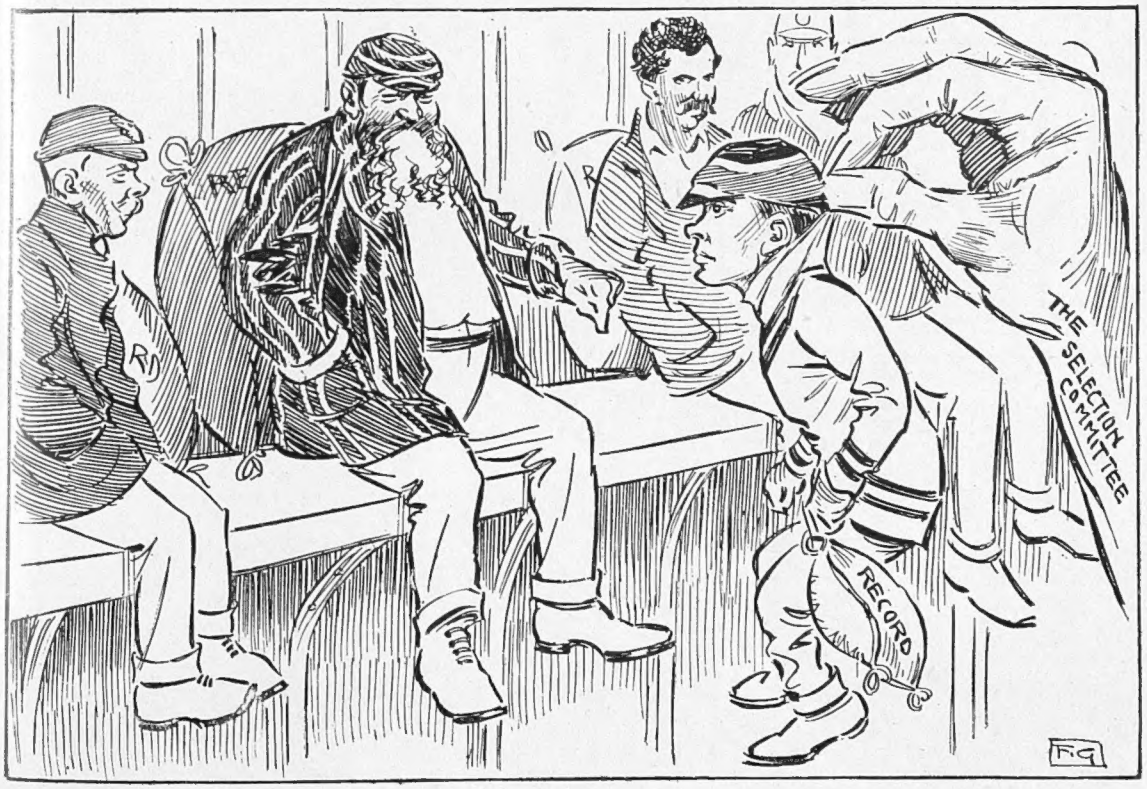
"Australia's Peril" was an alarmist headline in the papers some days ago. Those interested in Colonial cricket have been relieved to find that this only refers to Australia's military defencelessness in the face of Japanese and American power in the Pacific, and that there is nothing the matter with the Test Team.

Rulers and Epithets

It is curious to notice how epithets spring up and cling fast to some kings and rulers. "Sympathetic" seems to have been almost universally agreed upon as a description of the King of Spain, even in this country where the word does not carry all the meaning that its equivalent carries in France and in Spain. Perhaps the word is rather a colourless one—for a king—but judging by precedent—unless he does something very extraordinary later on—Alfonso will go down to posterity as sympathetic.

Small Magnates

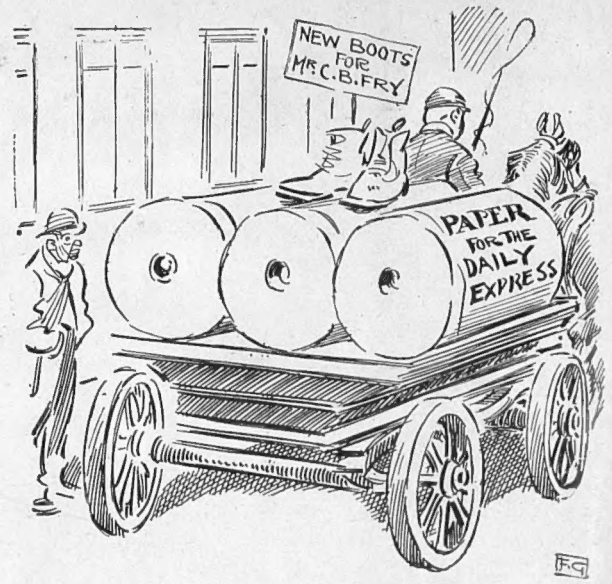
Just so! President Roosevelt seems destined to be known as strenuous to the end of his days, and our own King as tactful, and the Kaiser as impetuous—an adjective that signifies, perhaps, strenuousness without tact. Potentates have to loom big in the public eye before they earn an epithet at all, so that even to be known as "impetuous" is to be known to fame *inter æquales*. Small magnates—if one may call them so—have to be content with their magnificence: they cannot rise above it. They are,



Voice from the Shelf: "Hallo, Jessop! You coming up here already? Why, when I was your age—— ah, well!"

How the Great Unbend

"Mugge, mugged!" cried Sir Wilfrid, sportively



Cricket items (under reserve)

'Mr. C. B. Fry has recently bought a new pair of boots"

in fact, personages, but not personalities: nothing at all to the great mass of mankind except their titles—Sultan—Emperor—Tsar. And to their loyal subjects no more than a nuisance.

For Gentlemen

From a *Times* advertisement:—"Gentlemen should not emigrate, it being more profitable to grow produce at home under glass. Apply to ——." We trust this patriotic endeavour to keep our aristocrats on their native heath—so to speak—will not go unrewarded. It is pleasant to think of the younger sons of great families sitting in their stately homes watching things come up under glass. But where are our Proconsuls to come from?

Distinctly Private

We trust also that another advertiser in the same paper will find what he wants. It is a German this time, anxious to find a "distinctly private English family with whom he could live for six months." Until the State begins to take over our offspring, he should have a fairly large choice, especially if he is a nice German with plenty of money.

Cricket Items

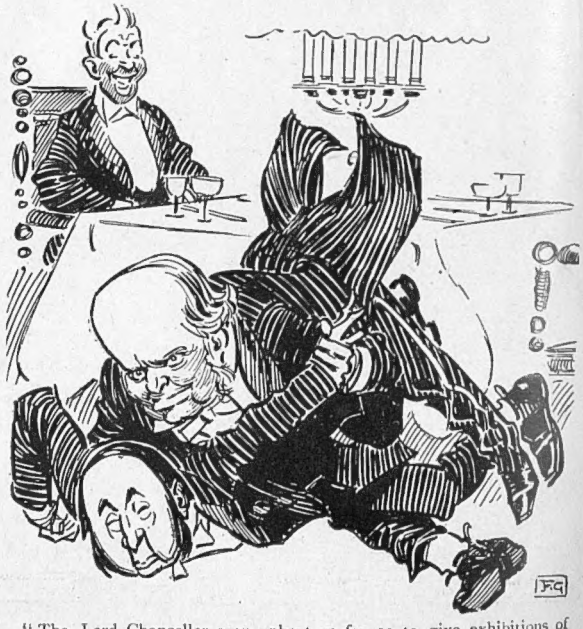
(With acknowledgments to all who write them.)

C. B. Fry has recently bought a new pair of boots.

Should Victor Trumper make top score in the next Test, he will not be the only batsman to have achieved this feat. This will not, however, detract from the merit of the performance, which has often gone far towards saving a side from defeat.

Frank Firkin, the old Northumberland cricketer, whose catches in the slips are still remembered north of the Tyne, now resides on the West Coast of

"I was agreeably surprised to receive a banana in my left eye"



"The Lord Chancellor even unbent so far as to give exhibitions of Jiu-Jitsu with the butler"

HOW THE GREAT UNBEND

Africa. In an interview with our representative, he said that he preferred it.

A ball, hit by a member of the north branch of the Wixford Y.M.C.A.C.C., lodged in a gooseberry bush on Friday. A starling has since built a nest in the gooseberry bush.

"Nervous" writes: "I was standing with three (lady) cousins, watching a village cricket match, when I noticed a ball struck by one of the players coming directly towards us with a high velocity. Knowing myself to be a poor catch at the best, I did not attempt to intercept 'the leather' (as I believe it is sometimes called), and it struck one of my cousins sharply on the head, causing temporary concussion. I have been worrying a good deal about the matter since, and am anxious to know if it would have been more sportsmanlike had I endeavoured to 'negotiate' the missile with my hat. The hat—a straw one—was quite new. What do you think?"

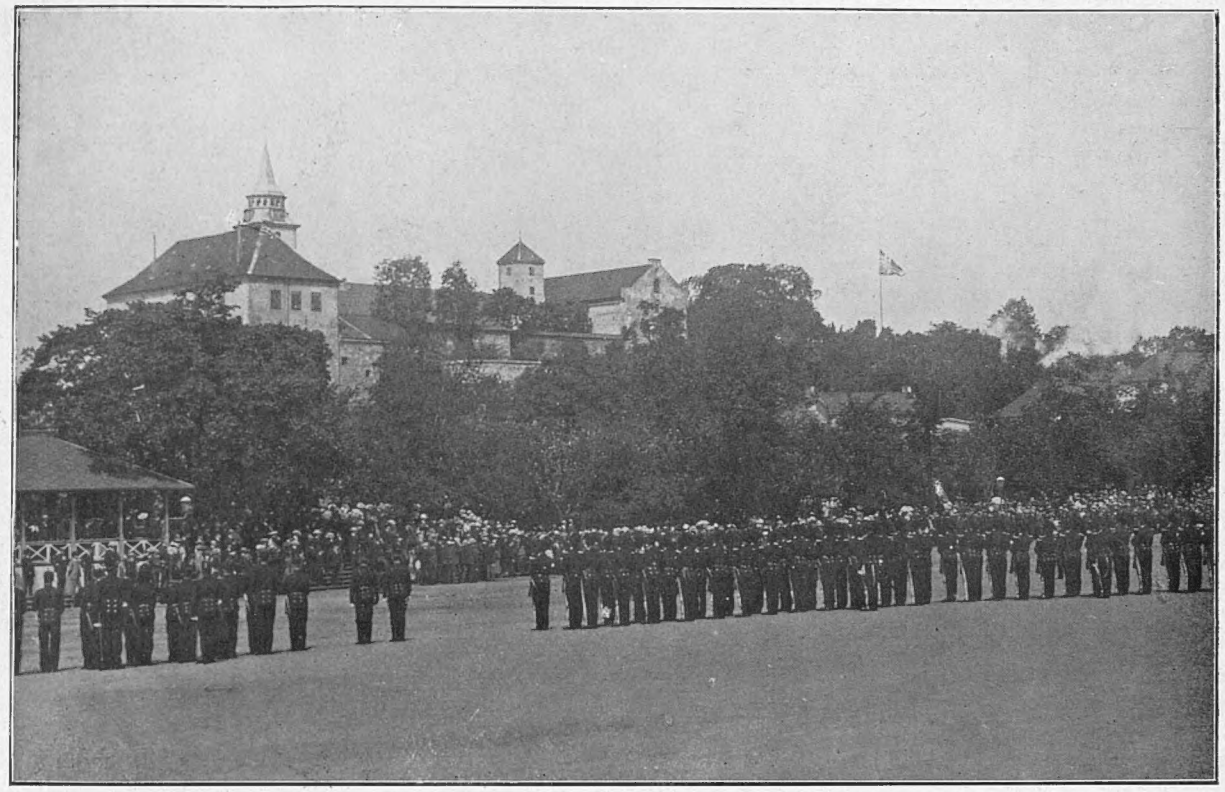
The case of "Nervous" is undoubtedly a hard one, and throws doubts upon the advisability of wearing straw hats upon occasions of this nature. A steel morion, Nervous, would undoubtedly have assisted your cousin better, but if you cannot make up your mind to wear one of these at similar functions in the future, why not acquire the art of intercepting a ball with your hands? Watch Jessop in the field, and practice catching your soap-dish in front of a looking-glass for ten minutes every night before you go to bed.

How the Great Unbend

"Happening to dine," says a writer in the DAILY MIRROR, *"at the same table as a very famous lawyer, I expected to find him logical, grave, even severe, in manner. Not at all. He sat down, and opened the conversation by hurling a piece of bread at the head of his son, who sat opposite." A correspondent, whose trustworthiness we will not vouch for, has sent us some further specimens of how the great unbend when loosed from the fetters of duty. We print them for what they are worth.*

Joseph's Jollities

At one of the little dinners with which the Tariff Commission lightens its severe labours, I was honoured with a seat immediately opposite Mr. Chamberlain. During the dessert, as I was gravely discoursing with the amiable Mr. Collings on the advisability of levying a hundred per cent. duty on all imports, I was agreeably surprised to receive a banana in my left eye. Looking across the table with my uninjured optic, I was delighted to see the Great Protector broadly smiling. "That was a Jamaica banana," he said. "I am pleased to see your readiness to receive Colonial imports, Mr. Mugge." Overcome by so great an honour, tears of joy trickled from the happy eye which had been distinguished by the notice of England's greatest statesman.



The Bloodless Revolution in Norway

The old flag of the Union (Norway and Sweden) being taken down in the public square at Christiania, and a parting salute fired, while the troops present arms. A few moments after the scene depicted in this illustration the flag of Norway was hoisted. The building in the background is the old fortress of Akershus

The Whimsicalities of Winston

Having friends amongst all political parties, it is often my delight to dine with the great Opposition leader. As I sat opposite my dear friend Winston, and saw that thoughtful face immersed in contemplation, I waited, shall I say with awe, to hear what brilliant epigram would come. "A sovereign for your thoughts, my dear Winston," I cried.

Young America's Resemblance to the Redskin

"Mugge"—we are on terms of easy intimacy, and he always calls me Mugge, sometimes, by a happy play of wit, elongating it into Muggins—"I was wondering whether I could swing by one leg from that chandelier." No sooner said than done. Although the chandelier fell and some of the glass came into unpleasant contact with my head, I am happy to say that the great Free Trader was unhurt by this gladsome prank.

Halsbury's Hackenschmidities

Being for the first time a guest at the hospitable board of the Lord Chancellor, I own that I expected a somewhat tedious evening. I was prepared for grave discourse on the Scotch Kirk, and the difficulty of finding remunerative Government employ for distant relatives in these times. Judge my surprise, therefore, when I found the Lord Chancellor as playful as a kitten. He even unbent so far as to give exhibitions of Jiu-Jitsu with the butler in the intervals between the courses.

Lawson's Levities

As I sat the other day with my honoured friend, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, on the Terrace, consuming the very finest brands of tea and toast, he explained to me at some length the terrible influence of the drink trade in the Houses of Parliament. Amongst other revelations, he told me that a Unionist member, who never took more than twelve bottles of champagne in the evening, was considered a model of sobriety, and that every day a brewer's dray unloads twelve barrels of specially strong ale for the consumption of the Bishops in their retiring room at the House of Lords. As I gazed at him aghast, a bright smile passed over the face of the witty baronet. "Mugge, mugged!" he cried sportively, and I realised that I was the willing victim of a charming practical joke.

The Burrowings of Begbie

I am always proud to be the guest of that distinguished divine, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, particularly when so great a literary genius as Mr. Harold Begbie is a fellow-guest. The other evening, as Mr. Campbell explained to me, over the walnuts, his exact position as a Passive Resister, I was painfully surprised to find teeth compressing the fleshy portion of my calf. When, after a lapse of half an hour, Mr. Campbell paused for breath, I hinted gently that some unpleasant beast had located itself under his mahogany. A burst of laughter from the divine rewarded me. Looking under the table, I saw the genial face of Mr. Harold Begbie, and realised that this was his thoughtful way of enlivening a somewhat sombre evening.

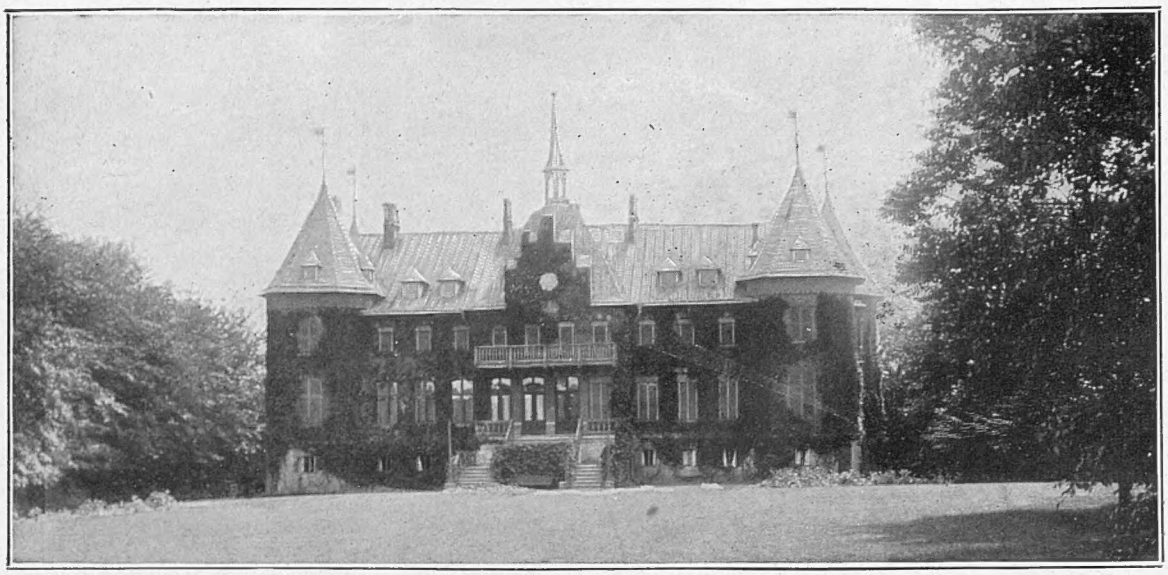
Photo by *J. N. Choate, Carlisle, Pa.*

Two old Cheyenne Chiefs and their children, who have been civilised by Uncle Sam

A recent survey of the North American Indian's prospects made by Commissioner Leupp gives a very pessimistic outlook. There is no doubt that the red man's extinction is only a question of time, as he fails, lamentably, to come up to modern standards—especially those imposed upon dwellers in the most strenuous country in the world. The curse of the Indian, as it is of the negro, is that he cannot intermarry, and infuse his dying race with new blood, and deprived of his ancient privileges, his virility suffers from the cooped-up life on the reservations. It is said, we do not know with how much truth, that the American climate is evolving among young America a type of face similar to that of the native Indian, and, certainly, as far as the boys are concerned, our photograph seems to bear out this curious physiological point

THE ROYAL WEDDING

THE HONEYMOON RETREAT AND FUTURE HOME OF THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE



The Royal Château of Sofiero, presented to Prince Gustavus Adolphus and his bride by King Oscar

Sofiero, which means "Sophia's Rest," was named by King Oscar after his Queen, and it has long been their favourite home. The Castle is situated on the shores of the Sound, about four miles north of Helsingborg. Owing to its delightful situation and the charming views of beautiful Danish coast which may be obtained from here, the young Prince and his wife have decided to spend most of the summer at Sofiero

Photo by *Chidley*

Saighton Grange, Chester, where Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus are staying for their honeymoon, prior to their departure for Ireland

Saighton Grange is the residence of Countess Grosvenor and Mr. George Wyndham, M.P. Our illustration gives a view of the beautiful Saint's garden now blooming with roses. The original structure was the country house of the ancient Abbots of Chester

The Royal Wedding

Photo by *Russell and Son*

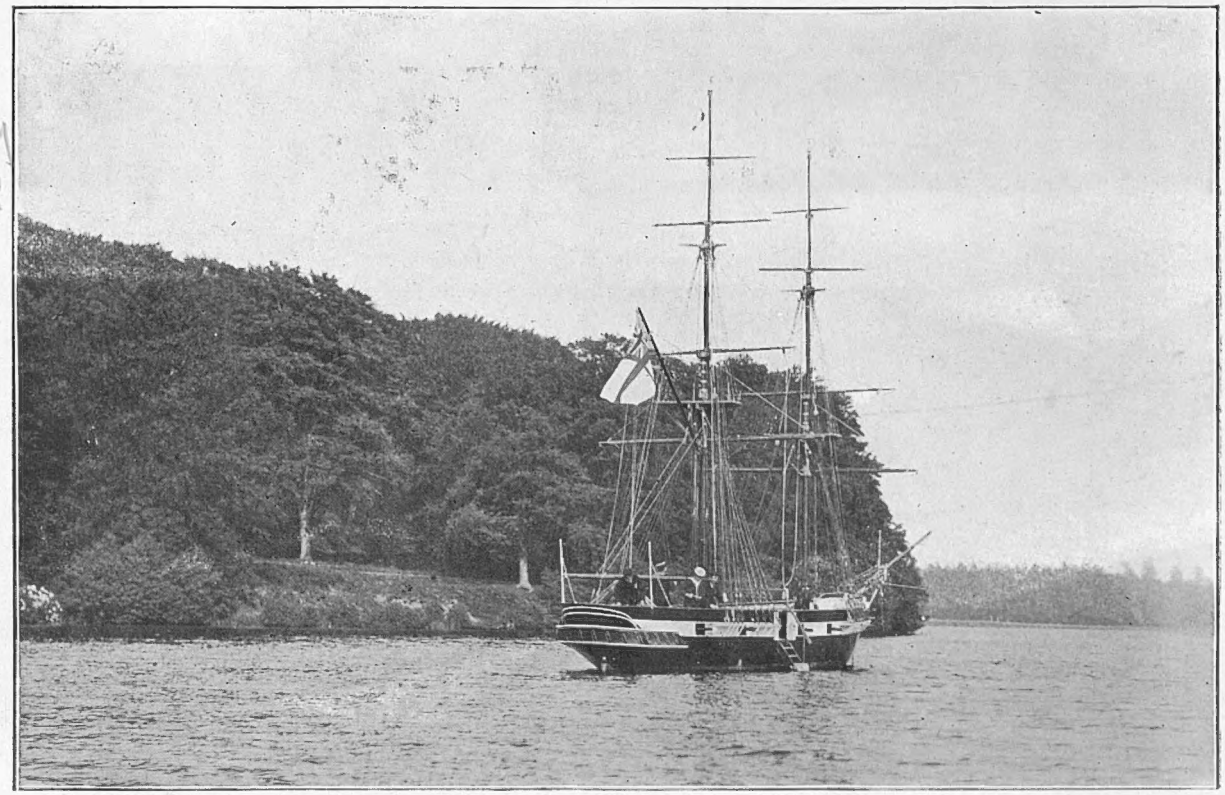
The Bride and Bridegroom leaving St. George's Chapel, Windsor, after the Ceremony

The Royal Honeymoon

Photo by *Chidley*

Princess Margaret and Prince Gustavus Adolphus, taken at Saighton Grange, just as they arrived from Windsor

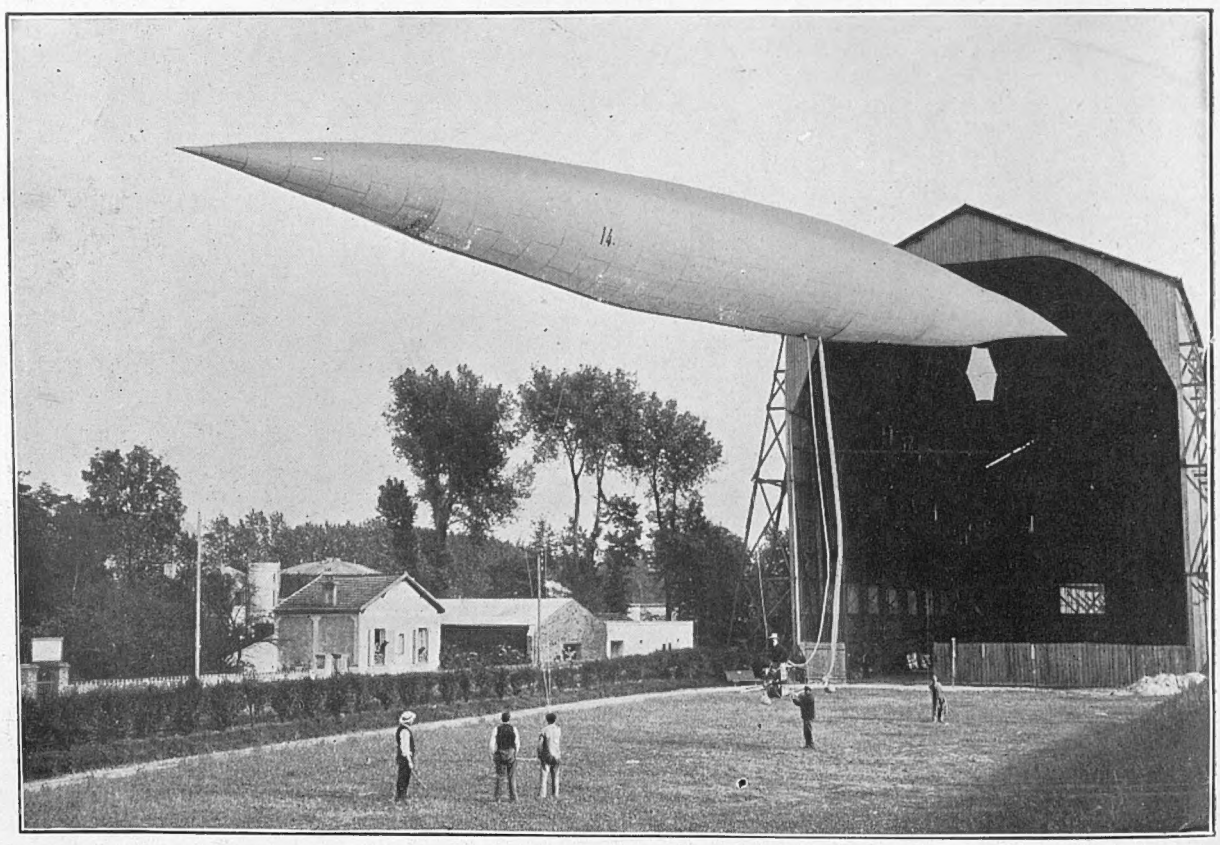
PRINCE EDDY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM THE KING



Prince Eddy's brig, the "King Edward VII.," on which he has hoisted his flag as Commander of the Virginia Water Squadron

Our photograph shows the brig which the King presented to his little grandson, Prince Eddy, on his eleventh birthday. The vessel now rides at anchor in the sheltered seclusion of Virginia Water, and will doubtless attract many visitors, as the grounds by the lake, which is two miles long, are open free to visitors

M. SANTOS DUMONT'S LATEST "CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS"

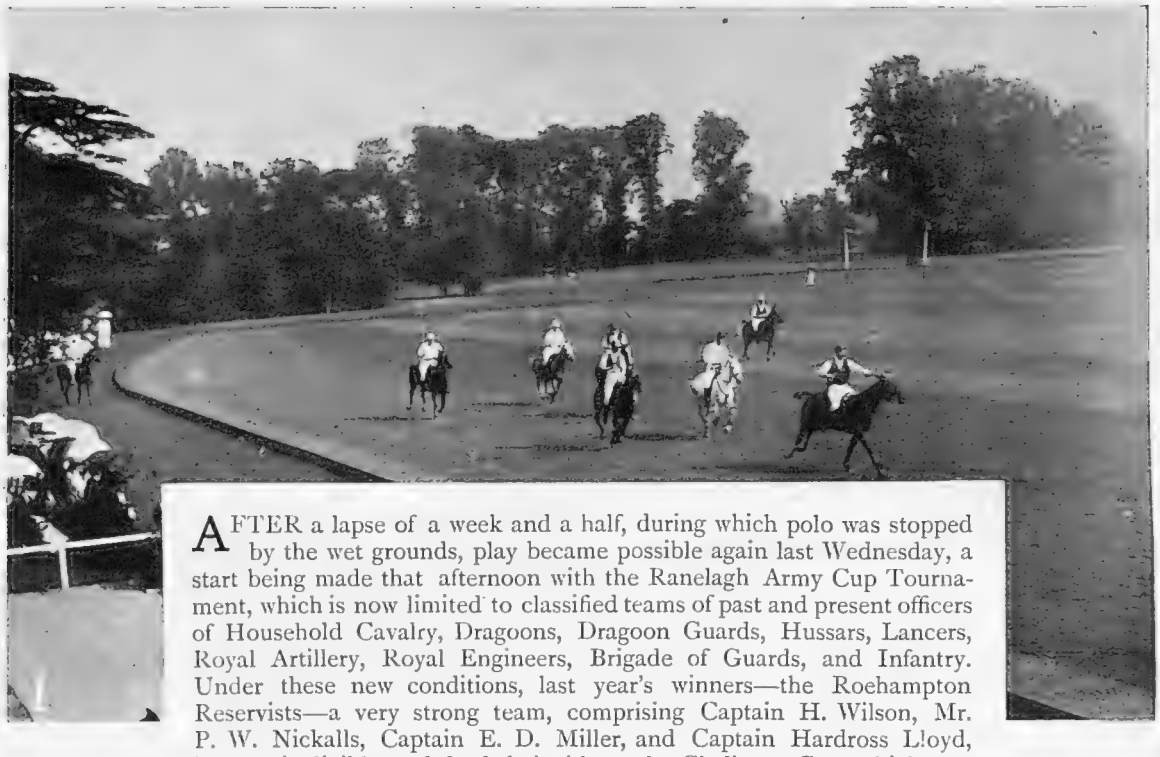


M. Santos Dumont's new airship, "No. 14," just going out for a trial trip

When M. Dumont was experimenting with "No. 13," many superstitious Parisians gave him warning of the risks attaching to such an ominous number. But M. Dumont laughed all their fears away, and has lived to build "No. 14." All English sportsmen must admire the steady persistence and intrepidity of the plucky little Brazilian millionaire

Notes from the Polo Grounds

HUSSARS v. ROYAL ARTILLERY AT RANELAGH



AFTER a lapse of a week and a half, during which polo was stopped by the wet grounds, play became possible again last Wednesday, a start being made that afternoon with the Ranelagh Army Cup Tournament, which is now limited to classified teams of past and present officers of Household Cavalry, Dragoons, Dragoon Guards, Hussars, Lancers, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Brigade of Guards, and Infantry. Under these new conditions, last year's winners—the Roehampton Reservists—a very strong team, comprising Captain H. Wilson, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, Captain E. D. Miller, and Captain Hardross Lloyd, became ineligible to defend their title to the Challenge Cup, which was presented last year by Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. F. Walker, the Commandant of the Malay States Guides.

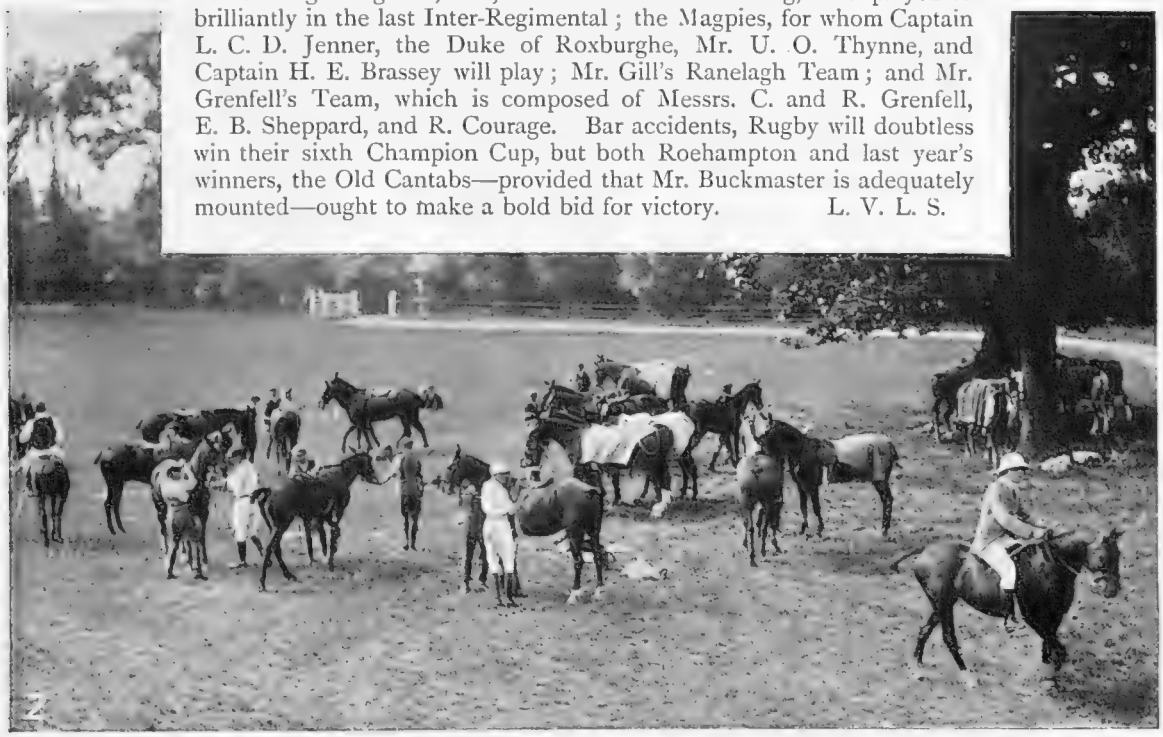
There is again a good entry of seven teams, like last year, for the Champion Cup, which is being played this week at Hurlingham. The three best teams entered are those old opponents, Rugby—once more at full strength, with the return of Mr. George Miller—and the Old Cantabs, and the strong Roehampton Team, which made such a successful début last year. The other teams competing are Handley Cross, made up of Mr. H. Rich, Mr. F. J. Mackey, and the two Inniskilling Dragoons, Majors Ansell and Neil Haig, who played so brilliantly in the last Inter-Regimental; the Magpies, for whom Captain L. C. D. Jenner, the Duke of Roxburghe, Mr. U. O. Thynne, and Captain H. E. Brassey will play; Mr. Gill's Ranelagh Team; and Mr. Grenfell's Team, which is composed of Messrs. C. and R. Grenfell, E. B. Sheppard, and R. Courage. Bar accidents, Rugby will doubtless win their sixth Champion Cup, but both Roehampton and last year's winners, the Old Cantabs—provided that Mr. Buckmaster is adequately mounted—ought to make a bold bid for victory. L. V. L. S.

1

Following up the Artillery lead

2

Changing ponies at the end of a chukka



Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

Henley Regatta Topics

Photo by *Peirce and Jones*

The American Eight, which will row for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley this year

The Vesper crew, who hail from Pennsylvania, and have been training on the Schuylkill River, may be expected to put up a stiff tussle for the coveted Challenge Cup. After Henley they hope to compete in aquatic events on the Continent

Photo by *F. G. Calcott*

F. S. Kelly (Balliol and Leander), the holder of the Diamonds in 1902-3, and a very likely winner this year

Kelly is reported to be in much harder condition than he was last year, when he was defeated by Scholes (Toronto)

Sailing on the Norfolk Broads

WHITSUNTIDE is a busy season for the yachtsman. Sailing clubs on the Norfolk Broads, as at other centres of the sport, got ready an important list of holiday fixtures. The illustrations on this page are from photographs, taken on Whit Monday at Oulton Broad, during the progress of the Waveney Sailing Club's Regatta. The two pictures show the start and progress of the match for boats not exceeding 18 feet length over all, for the Oulton Broad Challenge Cup. *Queen Bee*, belonging to Messrs. Darby and Colby, was the winner, Mr. W. S. Parker's *Unit* being second, and Mr. J. Gooch's *Empire* third. The regatta, which lasted two days, provided excellent sport, some of the races being finely contested.

Photos by *Illustrations Bu eau*

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Servia's Beardless Ministry

Nothing succeeds like audacity. Mr. Lubo Stoyanovitch, whose wildest dreams can scarcely have surpassed the present reality, is Servia's newest Premier. As leader of the fulminant group of Independent Radicals, he boldly assured King Peter that the future—*i.e.* the majority at the coming elections—belonged to him. "We have not got a majority now, I grant," argued the whilom Professor of Slav literature, "but we are very anxious to get it—very! And we shall certainly be triumphant if we have control of the elections; so you had much better put us in power till they are over, for if that rascal Pashitsh remains at the head of affairs with his Old Radicals, he'll doctor the ballot-boxes as he did before—or exercise undue pressure." "But is it absolutely constitutional," asked the monarch, with characteristic timidity, "to hand over the government to the minority in a dismissed Parliament?" "I'm not quite sure," was the earnest answer, "but we have had such strange doings under the late régime, which ended so disastrously—ahem! as you may remember?—that, in the present instance, I should strongly advise you to!" And thus it has come about that a group of interesting young men, most of whom were seated on college benches two years ago, are now lolling in Ministerial chairs in blissful anticipation of their confirmation therein by a judicious manipulation of the electioneering machinery as it exists in Servia.

Mr. Lubo Stoyanovitch

Servia's new and juvenile Premier, who, as leader of the Independent Radicals, boldly assured King Peter that he means to win at the coming elections

A Juvenile Premier

Mr. Stoyanovitch, the Nestor of his party, is not so inexperienced as the German Press represents him; nor so young. Not only has he a full-grown moustache, but he is to be married very shortly. That a keen sense of responsibility, and a grave consciousness of the dignity of its position, is felt by the new Cabinet has just been strikingly demonstrated by the Minister of Justice, who resigned, finding the exercise of his high office incompatible with the protest he wished to deliver personally in the ear of the late Prime Minister. Mr. Nikolitch's colleagues have unanimously requested him to withdraw his resignation and resume his functions as Minister of Justice, now that he has personally vindicated the rights of the goddess in a pugilistic encounter.

Photo by Florman

King Oscar of Sweden

Who has been gently but firmly deposed by the people of Norway

Prince Von Bulow

Whose new title, according to political quidnuncs, was granted by the Kaiser as a mark of the Emperor's joy at the fall of M. Delcassé

Photo by Mendelssohn

The Duke of Argyll

Formerly Governor-General of Canada, who has been appointed by the King, Grand Master of the Order of St. Michael and St George, in place of the late Sir Robert Herbert, who succeeded the late Duke of Cambridge

A Lady Dog Fancier

Photo by] **Lady Gooch** [*Lallie Charles*

Wife of Sir Daniel Gooch, and a noted dog fancier

Lady Gooch

Lady Gooch, the wife of Sir Daniel Gooch, is a very pretty and attractive woman. She is a noted dog fancier, and possesses some priceless Pekin spaniels and toy bull-dogs, which are their mistress's constant companions. Sir Daniel and Lady Gooch are among the few owners of gold plate, and possess a massive service of twelve handsome pieces.

The Royal Wedding

Sir Daniel has organised a private fire brigade, the members of which are all men employed on his own estate. They practice regularly, and wear the familiar blue tunic and gilded helmet. Sir Daniel received his baronetcy when he was chairman of the Great Western Railway, for his services in laying the Atlantic cable of 1865.

The King of Sweden

The wedding of King Oscar's grandson occurs at a dramatic moment in the history of his country, and what is to be the future of Sweden separated from Norway is a problem that it is no secret to say has caused not a few misgivings at the Court of St. James's as well as at Stockholm. King Oscar is grandson to the most unselfish and lovable member of Napoleon's time, Eugène Beauharnais, and resembles his grandfather in many traits. His brilliant culture, his poetic mind, his courtesy, are characteristics which would stamp him as a nobleman were he not a monarch. Unfortunately, Norway does not understand these things. Norway is a country of strange contrasts. On one side factories are springing up, which means workers whose minds are occupied with the feverish strenuousness of money-making, and on the other hand the peasantry, quite out of the world, are narrow-minded, self-righteous, and have the sourness usually associated with solitude. There is no Norwegian aristocracy. Even the deputies are mostly peasants of a republican tendency, or *parvenu* upstarts who have made money in manufacturing pursuits.

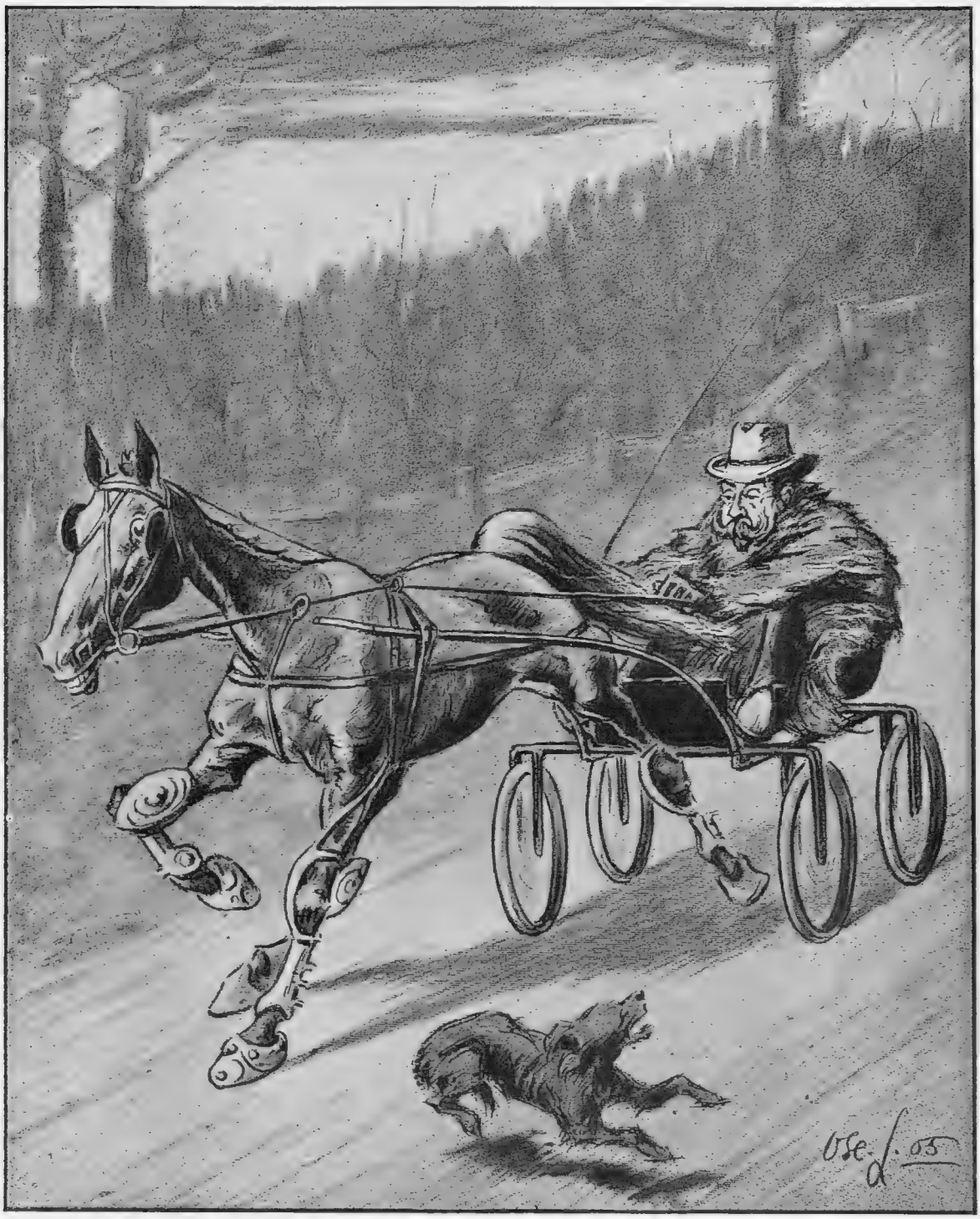
King Oscar Misunderstood

To these persons King Oscar's qualities present no points of common interest. They do not understand his culture, and his courtesy and affability the rough peasant thinks is the synonym for insincerity and theatricalism. Six weeks every year the King and Queen have spent in Norway, and though they like the Queen for her piety and charm, they consider her rigid observance of etiquette a German failing. The Crown Princess is not at all popular either, partly for the same reason, and partly because she is an invalid, who, for reasons of health, has to winter abroad, and thus is believed to have no sympathy for Scandinavians. The Crown Prince, on the other hand, has a simple, unaffected manner, which endears him, and his democratic habit of stooping off the monarchical pedestal and mixing with commoners makes him popular in a quiet way. Prince Gustav Adolf has not hitherto taken any

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

The Royal Wedding: King Edward saluting the Bride, Princess Margaret of Connaught, at Windsor station

A Noted American Sportsman



Mr. Walter Winans, the famous revolver shot and millionaire, driving his American trotter

A CARICATURE BY OSCAR LARUM

prominent part in public life; but in Norway as well as in Sweden his marriage to one of our princesses has hit the public favour, and it is said that Norwegians would gladly place him on the throne of Norway; but that it is, of course, impossible at the present state of affairs. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that Norway does not so much object to King Oscar as to the King of Sweden. There is a strong jealousy of Sweden, which has grown in the national mind to an antipathy, and is strengthened because the two races have really nothing in common but a fear of Russia, which, just now, is a vanishing bogie.

American Girls on the Continent

The numbers of fair Americans who wed foreigners is beginning to prove a serious problem to our cousins across the herring pond, for collectively the fortunes which are annually taken away from the country of their birth by American girls marrying Europeans must amount to a very large sum. The American

English Aloofness on the Continent

girl is undoubtedly very popular among the young men on the Continent. Whether her greater cosmopolitanism is the main cause, or whether her adaptability to new surroundings recommends her, or whether the verve and the refreshing terms of queenly superiority which she exercises over the *jeune homme*, accustomed hitherto to believe in the complete superiority of his sex, is the cause of fascination, we do not know. Perhaps it is a happy combination of all these. But observe the difference between the British and the American colony at any place you like to mention. The British colony is a thing apart; it holds aloof; is respectably conventional and exclusive; the members visit one another; entertain one another; but it is rare that the stranger from without the gates enters within the sacred circle. On the other hand, the American colony assumes no degree of aloofness. The members mingle with the native element. At once the colony becomes the life of the place—the very hub—inaugurating anything from bazaars to dances. The young element—males in the majority—very quickly finds its vogue *chez les Américains*. Their dance is divine, and the slightest excuse suffices the American girl to get up a hop. Its popularity grows, and its fair daughters marry. It would be interesting to know how many American women there are on the Continent married to others than men of their own nationality. The list has recently been added to by one, at least, for Miss Stolte, a lady very well known in Naples as a sportswoman, married a fortnight ago a M. de Luca, a scion of a Neapolitan family.

Photo by *Russell*

Annual Congress of the Kent County Chess Association at the Crystal Palace

A Sporting Neapolitan Duchesse

Those who know their Continent are well aware that no resort is complete without its "Lawn-Tennis Club Anglo-Américain," which usually becomes a centre of attraction for the aristocracy of the neighbourhood as well. Lawn tennis, and, to a lesser degree, golf (which, by-the-by, is rapidly increasing its popularity) are both games which the Continental sportsman and sportswoman take up. Cricket, on the other hand, is never played. It is extraordinary how quick our Continental cousins are to adapt themselves to English games, and certainly the Italian, if keenness goes for anything, deserves to succeed. The Anglo-American Lawn-Tennis Club at Naples has a goodly number of Neapolitan members who, having learnt the game from visitors, have succeeded in vanquishing them. The Duchesse Dusmet des Smours, whose photograph we publish, has just won the Ladies' Championship at Naples, and as she is a very stylish player, with many good strokes, it is to be hoped she may be induced to enter for a few tournaments further afield. The Duchesse belongs to one of the most aristocratic Neapolitan families, and is a good all-round sportswoman. She rides very well, and it is truly said that no race meeting at Naples is complete without her presence.

American Sportswomen in Italy

Miss Stolte, an American girl well-known in Naples Society, who was recently married to M. de Luca

The number of American girls who marry Continental celebrities has long been a subject for comment. Our correspondent, who discusses this on the two previous pages, suggests that this is owing to the greater amiability displayed by American colonies as contrasted to the aloofness of English colonies in Continental cities

Marquise Dusmet des Smours at the weighing machine at the Gymkhana

The Marquise, who is an American lady, has just won the Ladies' Tennis Championship at Naples, where she resides, and is well known as a good all-round sportswoman

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Miss Granville
Mme. Bréautin

St. James's Theatre

"THE MAN OF THE MOMENT"

The Problem Play has served its sentence, and is now out on ticket-of-leave. The playgoing public has too short a memory to remember misdeeds, so will probably give the reformed criminal a new start in life. Many may recall the bitter words with which they drove the Problem Play from the boards, but anything for a fresh face is their motto, even if that face bear the prison pallor and be surmounted by a cropped poll. This preamble, by way of excuse for the interest excited by *The Man of the Moment*, which shows signs of attaining the dignity of the play of the moment.

A Dilatory Introduction

There is no denying the interest of the play by Capus and Arene as there is no denying the dilatoriness of the playwrights in laying the foundation of that interest. It is a *cliché* of the stage that any tyro can write a good first act. One might almost put forward the maxim that the experienced hand is known by the pains he takes to make his introduction as bald as he dare. During one act and three quarters, *The Man of the Moment* binds us with bonds of thread. The playgoer who longs for captivity must be patient. His reward will come during the last few minutes of the second act when his attention will suddenly be enchained by the situation which has arisen between Maurice Darlay and his wife, Marianne.

The Problem set forth in the play concerns an inevitable trio. A studious, literary, unambitious husband; a clever young wife who, as her scheming friends say, "is rather wasted on him;" and a young, pushful politician. Act I. is taken up by the somewhat formal and laborious introduction of these characters to our acquaintance. The playwright adopts a simple expedient for bringing his characters on the stage. A and B will converse until C is mentioned, whereupon C will make an unexpected appearance. A, B, and C, will join in discussion on the demerits of D, when lo! the entrance of D temporarily saves his character.

Mme. Simone Le Bargy
Marianne Darlay

Miss Lilian Braithwaite
Mme. Chantraine

A School for Scandal

The Mrs. Candour of this School for Scandal is Mme. Bréautin. But her mischief-making propensities are not very cleverly exhibited. She is a sketchy character, whose evil bearing upon the piece we fully realise without being entertained by her machinations. She achieves her purpose merely by mild suggestion. So, when Maurice unexpectedly turns upon his wife and forbids her to enter Mme. Bréautin's house again, with the vague feeling that he is right, there is mingled regret that the intrigues of Mme Bréautin have been so uninspiriting. Had the evil genius of the lady been more marked, Darlay's uncompromising attitude towards his wife would have seemed more reasonable. However, this attitude of Darley's marks the commencement of the play proper. Surprise at Darlay's behaviour is overwhelmed by the action of the piece. It soon gains momentum. Marianne rises to the crisis brought on by her husband's mandates in what the playwright would have us believe is the true feminine spirit. She has dallied with the pushful politician. Without a moment's hesitation, she makes up her mind join hands with him and cross to the bourne whence there is no return.

The Great Scene of the Play

Cynics have said bitter things about marriage as an institution, but it is left for M. Capus to point the probability of adultery as the outcome of a marital tiff, for the passage of arms between Darlay and his wife is quite trivial. It is a sandy foundation upon which to build up a big scene, but, strangely enough, it just suffices We are too fascinated by the seeming strength of the edifice to consider the foundations. The scene which follows is reminiscent of the

Characters in "The Man of the Moment"

Mr. George Giddens
Chantraine

great scene in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*. The guilty woman is catechised until she breaks down and confesses. Mme. Bargy, possibly owing to the difficulties which surmount the playing of a character in a foreign tongue, had presented rather a nebulous portrait of the wife until this moment. Quickly she supplied the strokes which gave the portrait life. There was sickening dismay in her voice, the light of coming despair in her eyes. It was almost painful to witness her attempts to stifle the birth of knowledge in her husband by pitiful attempts at gaiety. There was nervous tension apparent in every movement of hand and body. It was a relief to the spectator when the wretched Marianne's cry of confession broke the tension. Mr. Alexander shared the honours in this climax of the play. With each question his face showed the gradual growth of suspicion into knowledge. The shock brought him to his knees, a piece of business which would have missed the mark had not the actor previously displayed intense power. A buzz of amazement saluted the entrance of Miss Lilian Braithwaite in the fairest of wigs and condemned to play the most inane of rôles. In the English version of the piece, the comedy characters are far from happy. Mme. Chantraine is one of those people who do not matter. Nor is her husband of much more importance. Mr. George Giddens, who played Chantraine, gave one the impression that he was holding himself well in, lest he should supplement a badly-written part by a little low comedy of his own.

Mr. George Alexander
Maurice Breautin

Miss Bella Pateman practically owned the fourth act. Mme. Grécourt acts as the minister of fate. There is just a chance that Darley will be won over to forgive his wife, when his mother-in-law, knowing but vaguely of the estrangement, intervenes, and takes it for granted that it is the husband who has sinned. She concludes her little sermon by taking the converse case. Of course, she says, in effect, if the wife's sin, there is no forgiveness. Husband and wife bow mutely to her ruling, and the curtain falls. Miss Pateman was effective, but rather too deliberate.

Terry's Theatre

MME. REJANE'S SEASON

Mme. Réjane, as welcome as English flowers in May, or, as one might put it, as French "stars" in June, is again in our midst. She appears more vivacious than ever, and the exuberance of her spirits is given vent now and again in a species of truculent "Ha! ha!" This mannerism is very effective in *La Petite Marquise*, when, wide-eyed and on the alert against all surprises, she handles the bell-rope as a protection against an unfortunate lover. She and her company frolic through the play in a manner which should afford a lesson to our English players, who seem possessed nowadays with the notion that comedy passages should be taken with the brake on. *La Petite Marquise* is a play so non-moral that no one, with the slightest sense of humour, can take offence at it. It is farce of manners, broad in two senses of the term. To analyse the conduct of the characters would be as cruel as to set down the plot in cold print. Neither analysis nor narration would give a fair idea of the real nature of the play. The little Marquise, invented by MM. Meilhac and Halèvy, is a sprite of mischief, with no more real harm in her than a child. By the simple process of adaptation into English she might be made a woman whose behaviour is not nice at all.

L'Hirondelle

Far more pretentious and much less interesting than this diverting piece, is *L'Hirondelle*, in which is presented a problem of sex of the kind which "gives one to yawn." It is difficult to sympathise either with the elder couple, a middle-aged husband and his mistress, or with the younger couple the husband's brother and the mistress's daughter. When the mother learns of the attachment her daughter has formed, she sacrifices herself by giving up her elderly lover. The *jeune fille* was admirably played by Mdlle. Alice Bernou; and as her fiancé to be, M. Pierre Magnier was both natural and earnest.

E. C. S.

Mr. Julian L'Estrange
Langlade, the pushful politician

A Snowy Song-Scena

Photo by *Campbell-Grey*

Miss Margaret Ashton at the Coliseum

In her Canadian skating song, entitled "The Winter Girl"

Scenes in Norway

THE LAND OF BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

Photo by *Underwood*

On the Fjords: A view of the Grytereids Glacier

The Fjord scenery of Norway is not approached anywhere else in the world for solemnity and beauty. The effect of this scenery on visitors is of entimes very startling. Some laugh and clap their hands in a sort of ecstasy, while on others the majesty and quietude induce awe, and more emotional visitors have (according to a chronicler) even been known to weep

Industrial Norway

THE LAND OF BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

Photo by *Underwood*

A steamboat climbing a steep hillside beside the Vraug Waterfall by means of locks

The mountain scenery of Norway is among the finest in the world. Well watered and wooded, one sees on every hand delightful prospects. Pine-clad hills, cleft with rocky gorges, down which turbulent mountain streams rush and roar. That navigation should be carried on in the manner shown in our illustration, is a great tribute to the industry of the people

Social Norway

THE LAND OF BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

Photo by *Underwood*

A Norse Wedding: The bride and groom, with parents and guests, at the door of their new abode

A Norwegian wedding is one of the prettiest sights imaginable. Although native dress and colours have been superseded for everyday wear by the conventional drab garments of town civilisation, on the occasion of weddings the old dress is worn. The elaborate crown which completes the brida outfit, is looked upon as the triumph of the bride's trousseau

CONCERNING THE EARL OF HARRINGTON

(NO. 81 OF THE SERIES)

The undeniably ancient family from which Lord Harrington springs is one of those which, when you look into its records, make you wonder how the country managed before they came into prominence. After all, it did not do very much before the time of Edward the First, who endowed England with two of her greatest institutions: Parliament and the Stanhopes. He did not, it is true, actually create either of them out of nothing. The germs of Parliament already existed, and there was a Richard Stanhope holding a good quantity of land—a habit which his descendants have never shaken off. The great King firmly established the one, and knighted the other. The results are before us to-day.

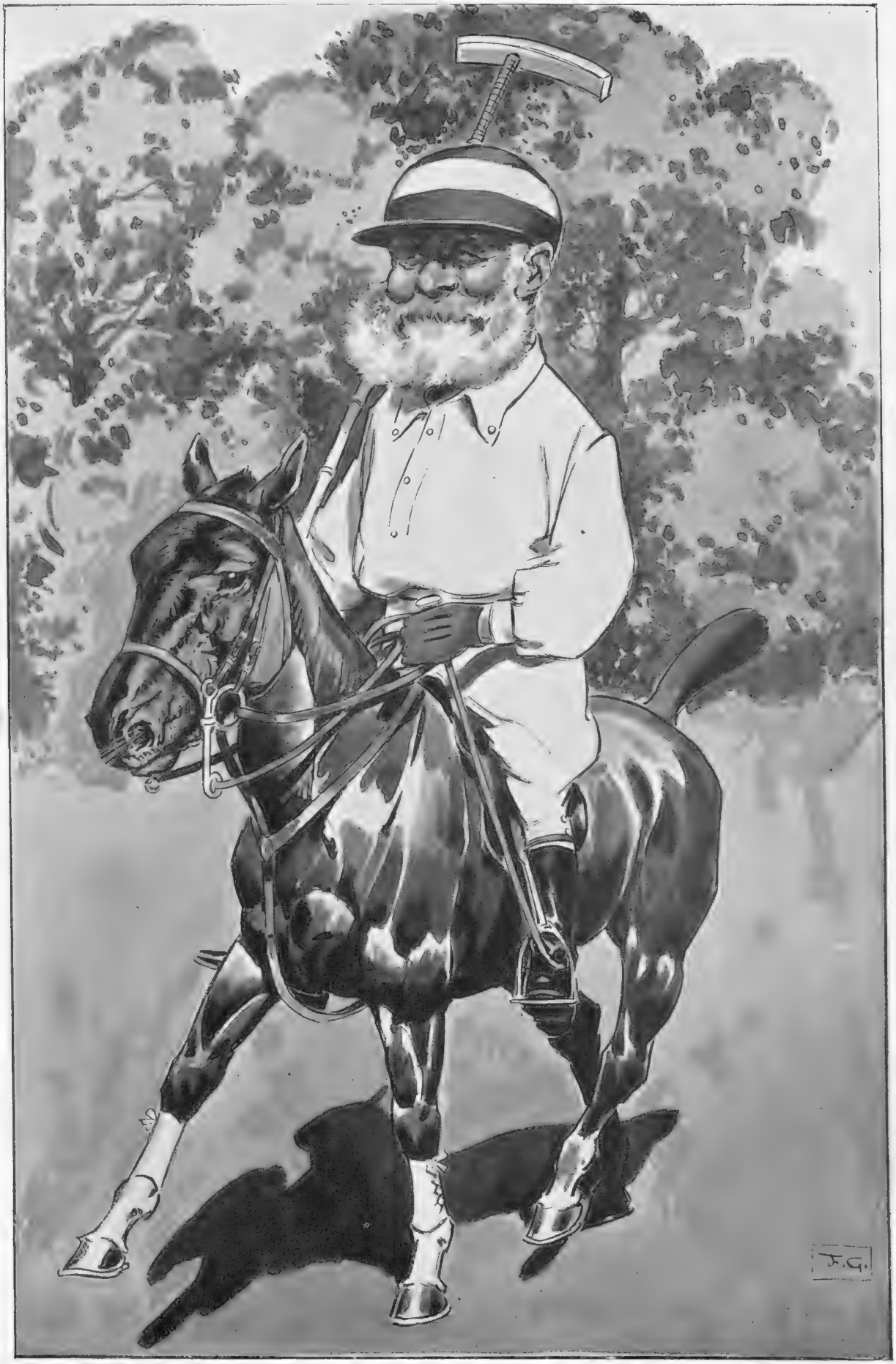
The line, after having produced an abundance of knights of the shire, soldiers, and even conspirators (Sir Michael Stanhope's head lent distinction to Temple Bar under Edward the Sixth) took a sharp upward turn: in the seventeenth century a Stanhope became Earl of Chesterfield. A grandson of his was the first Earl Stanhope, a Prime Minister of George the First. Later on, another of the race was made Earl of Harrington.

This first Earl had many advantages. Among the chief of them was the contemporary existence of his relative, the fourth Lord Chesterfield, he of the letters, a man as well worth being connected with as any of his time. Some idea of the way in which the Stanhopes, and the few other clans who ruled the country under the Georges, managed their business may be gathered from the fact that these two noblemen were both Ambassadors, both Cabinet Ministers, and both Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland. Those golden days, it is to be feared, will never come again.

The scion of this lavishly betitled family with whom we have to do at present has thought it only fair to leave politics alone, and give others a chance. Staying out of that career, so far as a Member of the House of Lords is able to do so, he turned his talents at one time to civil engineering; but it is as a country gentleman of that full and rounded completeness that is indicated by the mystic letters M.F.H., and as the Grand Old Man of Polo, that Lord Harrington is chiefly known. He is sixty, and has held the title since 1881. The not very usual combination of Queen's College, Belfast, and Christ Church, Oxford, was brought to bear upon his mind in youth. How successful those mingled influences were, those are best qualified to judge who have read that scholarly and accurate work, the *Polo-Pony Stud Book*, Lord Harrington's one literary labour up to the present time. He should, of course, publish memoirs. We have no doubt that he realises this.

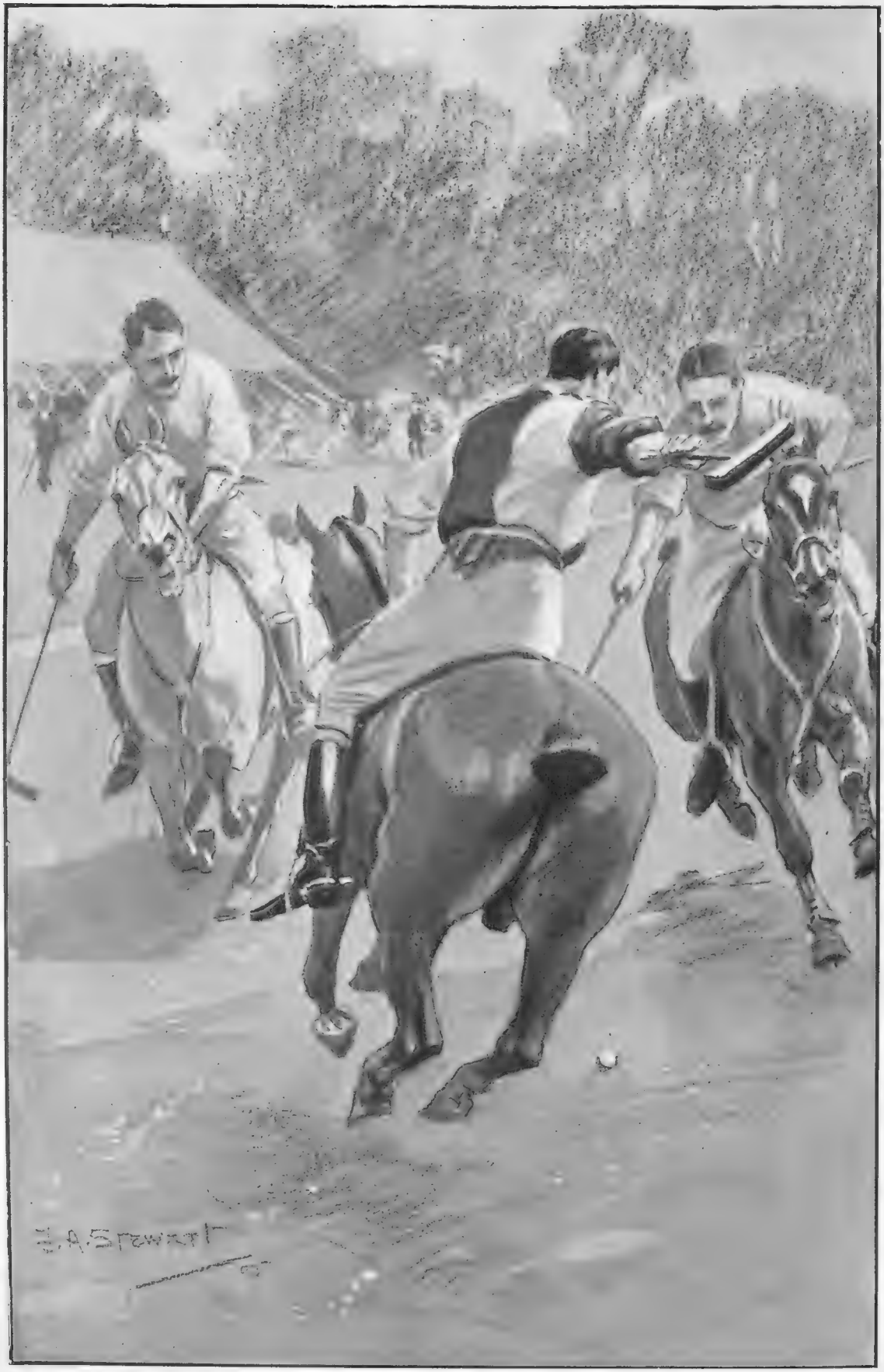
As befits the lord of some thirteen thousand acres, Lord Harrington is a Colonel (commanding) of Yeomanry—the Cheshire. He is well-known as a master of foxhounds, and a famous professor of polo, of yachting, and (not least) of gardening and arboriculture. For he is the only Peer who keeps and supplies a fruit-shop of his own; and many heedless Londoners who have had their teeth in the goods supplied by a certain Fruit Store in Whitehall may not realise whom they have done business with. The great Lord Chesterfield would have thought there was something wrong about this: which shows that we really have made some progress since the great Lord Chesterfield's day.

Keeping Them in Trim: Exercising a pack of foxhounds on a summer's day



The "G.O.M." of Polo

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT



POLO: STOPPING A RUN

DRAWN BY F. A. STEWART

Two Features of Royal Ascot

On the Course: Each year the King and the Royal party drive along the course amid the cheers of the spectators

Photos by *Rouch*

In the Paddock: The mounts are inspected before each race by a smart and appreciative crowd of supporters

Photo by

AT ROYAL ASCOT: GENERAL

Rouch

AL VIEW OF THE PADDOCK

OUR SHORT STORY

THE TORTOISE

By C. RANGER-GULL

"Men will throw over women they have loved for years for a housemaid," said Miss Grier, with nipping cruelty.

Young Mrs. Wellwyn surveyed her with alarm. She reflected, for a moment, that Miss Grier had been unmarried for a considerable number of years, and she was inclined—in the light of her own eighteen months' experience—to doubt such a sweeping assertion as that.

"Or a French dancing girl," added Miss Grier, with meaning.

Lucy Wellwyn flushed and looked forlorn.

It takes a really experienced liar to make some kinds of truth convincing, but Miss Grier was able to do it. Her position at Castlewood was anomalous and ill-defined. It was not often that she could gain dominion over one of Lady Blantyre's guests, and little Lucy Wellwyn, who seemed so out of it all, was a perpetual joy to her.

Miss Grier was a distant relative of Lady Blantyre. She was friend, toady, upper-housekeeper; a purely utilitarian person in that gay house. As a rule, she was, more or less, ignored by everyone, but on one or two occasions, when a house-party had been more than usually rapid, she had become a butt. No one ever tried her twice in that capacity, though. She had keen, detective eyes, and a bitter tongue, which could wound and baffle the smartest mockery.

To complete a large party of guests, there had lately arrived at Castlewood, James Wellwyn, the newest novelist, and his wife. Wellwyn was a big, genial creature, whom everyone liked. He was in the thick of everything at Castlewood, for he was accustomed to smart people and the *mise-en-scène*. This visit was the first of its kind that had taken place since his marriage to Lucy. It was welcomed by him with amused anticipation; by her with much inward misgiving. She was a pretty, intense little thing, who was in the habit of saying that she "wanted Jim all to herself." As she had a vivid and quite undisciplined imagination, her stay at Castlewood was beginning to be full of terrors.

And, into the little whirlpool of her brain, Miss Grier was skilfully dropping innuendo until a very ugly precipitate was forming there.

Miss Grier drank in scandal like a camel desert-water, ruminated it like a cow, and spat it out like a llama. Such was her pleasing occupation now. She was endeavouring to persuade Mrs. Wellwyn that James Wellwyn took a more than ordinary interest in a vivacious French lady who was staying in the house, Madame de Guibray.

"Do you think she really *was* a dancing girl, Miss Grier?"

"Or worse!" replied the spinster, in a hoarse whisper. "Where else could she have learned all her arts and graces? Nasty alluring, foreign ways!"

"She frightens me!" Lucy said; "she's so odd and strange, like a——almost like a *sorceress*, Miss Grier!"

Miss Grier locked her lips into a thin, hard smile, shaking her head with a slow, saurian movement.

"Always some new plan to interest and attract men!" she said. "One day it's aluminium bracelets—to show off her nasty cream-coloured arms! Another, she plays the jew's-harp, to show off her teeth! And what did you think of last night, Mrs. Wellwyn?—those cigarettes made of tea, before everyone!"

"James lit one for her!"

"Ah!"

"And afterwards, when I asked him what he saw in such a strange, snaky creature, he laughed and said that she was a study in modern French decadence!"

"How truly *awful*, my dear Mrs. Wellwyn!"

"Wasn't it! And when I began to tell him what I thought about the woman, he only kissed me, and said that I didn't understand the type, and that he didn't want me to! And she's lent him a French book! It means 'Flowers of Evil,' by Baudelaire, or some one. I tried to read one of the poems, but I couldn't understand it. But in the book was a scrap of paper, on which James had been translating one of the verses. I—I've got it here!"

Miss Grier's sallow face suddenly blazed up into interest. Her eyes glittered as she took the paper from little Mrs. Wellwyn's tremulous hand. This is what she read:—

> Dark on the couch, warm in the scented dale
> That in her sleep she softly hollowed out
> Among the scented cushions, my coiled queen
> Opens her panther eyes of golden green.
> Her glimmering breast shines pale
> Athwart the gloom that curtains her about;
> Slowly she lifts her arms to me; her eyes
> Meet mine without communion or surmise.

"Oh, you poor thing!" said Miss Grier.

Lucy wept.

"Calm yourself, dear," said the elder lady at length. "The gong for luncheon will sound soon. Do nothing, say nothing, *as yet*. You must have proof Tell me, where does Mr. Wellwyn write?"

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(Continued on page 600)

A JUNE IDYLL

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY WARD MUIR

(Continued from page 598)

"Lady Blantyre has had a study prepared for him in the east wing, the part of the house where no one goes. Whenever he feels like work, he just slips away from the others and goes up there."

"Have you been there?"

"Only once. James locks the door. He hates to be disturbed. He gets very cross if I even go to see how he's getting on."

"*Locks the door*, does he! Then, depend upon it, that's where they meet! Some charming love scenes are written in that room, I make no doubt! Leave things to me. Run away and dry your eyes. Smile, as if you knew nothing, at lunch. We shall know all ere long!"

Words are inadequate to describe the salacious melodrama in the spinster's voice, as the gong stammered out its summons to lunch, and Lucy flitted away to sponge jealousy from her face.

A large number of the people staying at Castlewood had motored to the county town, where there was a bazaar. Lunch was served in the small morning-room. Lucy hated that room. She didn't understand it. The walls were hung with brown paper—ordinary brown paper, if you please!—and the pictures were all framed in white, and by artists with foreign names. Lucy was a Protectionist in art, and liked honest British pictures, such as the "Soul's Awakening." She saw nothing in these pictures but two or three black scratches and an orange blot. And, then, the chairs and lounges of *blue linen!* the spotted, china dogs that one saw in nasty little cottages—the whole thing fretted her faithful little middle-class soul.

When Mrs. Wellwyn came in, she saw that she made the seventh of a small party.

Her husband, looking rather dreamy, had come down from his study in the east wing. Lady Blantyre, plump, jolly, and noisy, was talking to Valentine Crowley, a smooth-faced young gentleman with something of the subtle affected manner of Madame de Guibray—that manner which Lucy hated so and could not comprehend.

Little Lady Monica, a girl of ten, and the Blantyre's only child, was in a state of suppressed excitement. She clung to Madame de Guibray, and chattered away to that lady in infantile English-French.

"After lunch, Monica, dearest," said Madame de Guibray.

Lucy cast a side-long glance at the sorceress as she sat down. The long, oval face, with its healthy pallor—the pearl-like morbidezza one sees in Roman girls—was certainly out of the common. The great black eyes, with their carefully cultivated world-weariness, were unlike any eyes Lucy had ever seen. "Evil eyes," was her definition of them! The French lady spoke in a low, melodious voice that, somehow, exactly fitted the languid grace of her tall figure. It was the voice, so she herself liked to think, of Circe, full of strange allurements and subtle passion.

She was a great success wherever she went. People like Lady Blantyre—jolly, commonplace people—liked to be startled by her odd ways. People like Valentine Crowley, who could see the delicate pathos underlying the tragic symbolism of Punch and Judy, revered her as a supreme expression of Modernity. People like Wellwyn, strong, observant students of the age—well, Miss Grier and poor Lucy knew what Wellwyn thought.

"What's going to happen after lunch?" said Lady Blantyre.

Monica, a delightful, mischievous little girl, who could be wicked without being pert, answered her mother. She had a singularly deep, melodious voice for a child.

"Yvonne has showed me!" she said, "and he's *such* a little *darling*. But I'm not to tell!"

Madame smiled languidly at the child. Then she looked at Wellwyn from beneath her heavy, sphinx-like lids.

"I have bought a wise slave!" she said.

Miss Grier looked significantly at Mrs. Wellwyn.

"How beautiful!" said Valentine Crowley; "slavery is such a perfect thing. To dominate is the great thing in modern life. There is nothing more wonderful—except to be dominated. Yvonne is going to express herself in some new way. That is so charming."

"I shall be most interested," Wellwyn said, gravely. "All that Madame de Guibray has shown me has been interesting. After all, the eye can only see what it is taught to see. Last night, in the billiard-room, I was grinding the end of my cigar in the saucer of my coffee cup. Until Madame pointed it out to me, I had no idea of what an effective brown had resulted!"

Lucy shivered, Madame cast down her eyes, Valentine Crowley looked as if he had hopes of the Philistine novelist.

No one saw the rapid twinkle of amusement, almost a wink, indeed, that passed between Lady Blantyre and the big man with the firm face.

Lunch was not a long meal. There was to be a small dance in the evening, when the rest of the guests returned. Everyone was expectant of that.

Madame de Guibray left the room with Monica. When she returned she was carrying a small box.

Everyone crowded round her. She opened the box and drew from it several yards of fine gold chain, little thicker than stout thread.

"Now," she said, "these are my slave's fetters. See, I fasten one end of the chain to my bracelet"—she did so—"and at the other—behold!"

She jerked the remainder of the gleaming thread. Out upon the snowy table-cloth came a tiny tortoise, no bigger than half a crown. A tiny ring had been fixed into the horny carapace of the little creature, between two diamonds.

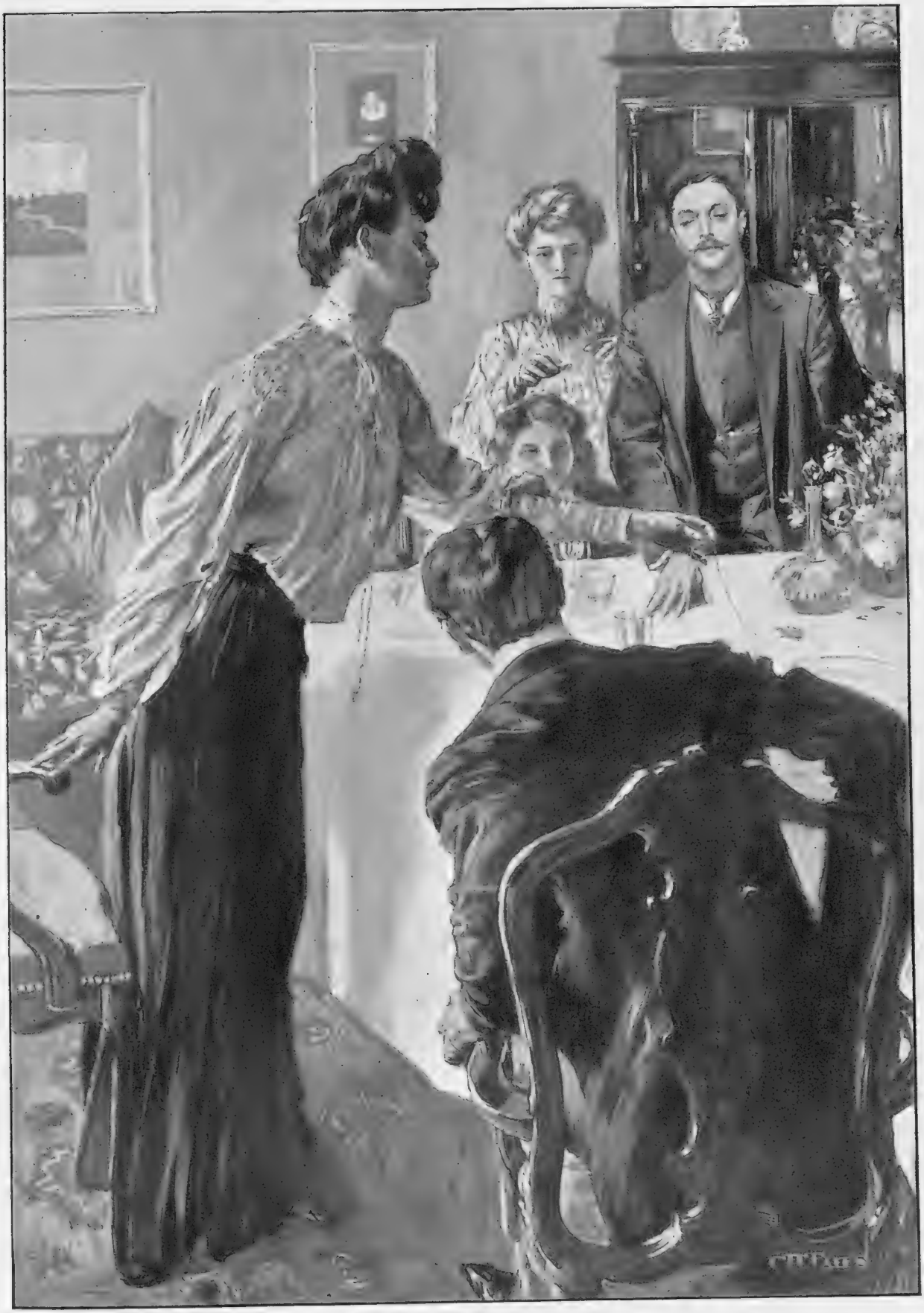
Lucy shrieked aloud, as the reptile began to wander over the table.

"I shall wear him!" said the Frenchwoman, "wear him as a live jewel from the hot sands of the Nile! Already in Paris, from where he came this morning, women are wearing his brothers as symbols. He can never escape me, try as he may!"

She said it with melodious unction. Mrs. Wellwyn knew what the woman meant; she blanched with fear.

Monica picked the thing up. Its lean, wrinkled head waggled in an enquiring way; the jewels, set in its back, glistened in the sun.

"Oh, look!" said the child, "he's got little



' Out upon the snowy table-cloth came a tiny tortoise, no bigger than half a crown '

DRAWN BY C. H. TAFFS

toe-nails!" Everyone crowded round to observe this wonder.

Testudo was held upside down in this or that fair palm, feebly agitating his hinged plastron, and opening his horny, parrot-like little jaws.

Madame shortened the chain, hooked the free end to her corsage, and set the tortoise on her shoulder. Its tiny, viperish head showed black against the whiteness of her neck.

"I shall wear him to-night at the dance!" she said, feeling the contrast very vividly, thinking of herself as some princess of Egypt fond of distorted, doubtful things about her person.

The party in the room broke up.

Lucy Wellwyn went away to Miss Grier's private sitting-room to discuss this new horror.

In a trance of delight, Mr. Valentine Crowley followed Madame de Guibray. He intended to tell her that her new habit was "as beautiful as a sin of the Borgias!"

"Well, what do you think of *that?*" said Lady Blantyre to James Wellwyn.

"I saw it in the *Figaro* last week," he said, with a smile. "One of the well known Paris an women has been doing it for an advertisement. Madame is quick."

"Yvonne is startling in a more business-like way than anyone I know. She is a paradox, always."

"That's merely a Truth standi g on its head to attract attention."

"In a way! But will she do? Is she the type you really wanted?"

"Perfect! She goes into the book with a 'click,' like a billiard ball into a pocket. I can't thank you enough for the opportunity of knowing her. Just what I wanted. A toy Lamia! an insincere Elsie Venner!"

"It would be hard lines on an ordinary person," said Lady Blantyre, "but the more you dissect Yvonne, the better she'll like it. Call her a high-priestess of strange sins, and she'll be your friend for life. And her friendship is a fine thing. But never hint at her secret."

"What is that?"

"Didn't you know? She is a devout Roman Catholic, and gives away huge sums to the poor of Paris."

"I shall go for a walk," said Wellwyn. "Modern psychology is getting as complex as conic sections. Who'd be a writer, Lady Blantyre, if they could help it!"

. . . . .

The dance began early—at nine, in fact, as it was quite an informal, country affair. At ten, fifty or sixty people were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Lucy Wellwyn had been happy with a neighbouring squire's son, who waltzed well and talked the language she knew.

For half an hour she had put Madame de Guibray at the back of her mind, and given herself up to the healthy enjoyment of the moment.

She had seen the French woman, waltzing with her husband, without too great a pang. In all this gaiety and laughter the venom of Miss Grier had lost its power.

"Do you see those three waltzing together?" she had asked her partner.

"*Three*, Mrs. Wellwyn, how do you mean?"

"My husband and that tall, black-haired woman, and —— ." She told him of the tortoise.

"Nasty creature!" said the boy. "I must get a look at her and see if she's really wearing the thing, later on. Must be awf'lly hard lines for Mr. Wellwyn to have to study these sort of people. Part of the game, I suppose. Hope you won't take to wearing a frog in your hair, Mrs. Wellwyn!"

At that moment Miss Grier, in a high frock, came gliding up to Lucy, and drew her away from her cavalier with a word of excuse.

"The time has come," she whispered. "Neither of them are here! Your opportunity has arrived. Go to his study in the east wing. You will find them together!"

Lucy's high spirits went out like an extinguished candle. Cold anger crept over her; anger, hatred, and despair. Little knives seemed to be hacking the back of her brain. She glided out of the ball-room, crossed the great hall, where couples were sitting out among the palms and armour, and flitted up the great staircase.

At last! She was filled with a white fury against this wicked woman who had stolen her husband from her with subtle arts and skill. She would tear the veil from their twin guilt and shame; see them pallid and trembling before the wrath of a virtuous wife!

She was in the long corridor of the east wing. Electric pendants fell from the groined roof; her feet made no sound upon the narrow strip of carpet that covered the ancient oak floor.

There it was, there was the door—she sidled towards it. The archway was partly in shadow, no light hung just in this part of the corridor. But the flooring had sunk a little, under the door of Wel wyn's room, and a broad band of yellow light showed there.

She shook like a leaf in her passion and misery.

As she came up, she knew that Miss Grier had spoken the truth. She heard a deep ripple of feminine laughter, mingled with her husband's voice. It went into her heart and stabbed it, like a splinter of ice.

They were laughing, in their sin. . . . .

She shrank against the opposite wall, powerless to move, crushed down by the weight of her agony.

There was a silence behind that shameful door. The unhappy wife's breath came thick and fast, her blood began to burn within her. She forced herself to divine what was going on; her imagination worked at hurricane speed; a series of awful pictures flapped through her mental vision, like the flickering, sable pictures of the bioscope.

As her glittering eyes watched the narrow bar of light beneath the door, some small, moving object suddenly darkened the centre of it. Simultaneously, she heard another ripple of triumphant laughter.

The moving object was the foul, living toy of Madame de Guibray; it was the tortoise! All doubt was over, all hope was gone. It came slowly out into the passage, as if even its cold, incurious eyes could no longer bear the dishonour within. The thread-like chain, fastened to its back, came with it.

Lucy's thoughts fixed upon it; they ran along the gold, like electric fluid over a wire, on, up, till they ended in a bracelet round a cream-white arm. . . .

She saw, in the tortured camera of her brain, that those white, seductive arms were rising slowly, rising to clasp the man in their embrace . . . . even as her mind saw this, her eyes confirmed it. The tortoise, which was now some distance away from the door, was being *pulled back swiftly*.

It was gone. The bar of light glowed as before.

Once more came the sound of shrill, triumphant laughter; then, ah! then, the sudden vibration of a kiss.

Then, before she had time to consider what she should do, he heard they were at the door.

"I'll unlock it, sweetheart," she heard her husband's deep voice say.

Lucy leaned against the opposite wall, sick, faint, incapable of motion. She waited for the last agony, the agony of seeing them come laughing and flushed with love into her sight. If the woman laughed, she would kill her. . . .

The door opened. Wellwyn came out with little Lady Monica.

The child saw Lucy first. She dashed up to her. "Oh, we've had such *awful* fun!" she screamed. "I stole Yvonne's baby tortoise when she wasn't looking, and I ran off with it and made Mr. Wellwyn stop his writing, and we've been making it run——" she stopped, breathless with excitement.

"Lucy!" said Wellwyn, in great surprise.

He had vanished from the ball-room for half an hour to make a few notes, carrying the burden of his work with him, as the writer of fiction always does, when little Monica had followed him, certain of a welcome in her mischief from her big friend, who had a child's heart too.

"Did you want me?" he continued. "How ill you look, dear! what on earth is the matter?"

Lucy threw herself in his strong arms, into her Home, weeping, laughing, pouring forth a torrent of incoherent explanation and self-accusation.

Little Monica watched this scene with great perplexity and dismay. She was, however, a well-bred child, and realised that she was better away.

A wriggle came from the wretched little reptile which was clutched in her hot hand. It recalled her to her proper business of the lawless hour.

A really brilliant idea came to Monica.

She turned and raced down the corridor.

She was going to put the tortoise down Miss Grier's back! Nothing quite so merry and satisfying had ever occurred to Monica before.

C. Ranger-Gull.

Ethel (*with literary aspirations, writing to a friend*): "How do you think this will do? 'Last week we lay in a punt on the river drinking it all in. We never properly realised the pleasures of life before.'"

"How delicious!"

DRAWN BY PERCY E. GREEN

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Cupid on Covers

He is inside as well, of course, but we meet the dear boy first on the covers of two very seasonable books by Mrs. Hope Merrick and Mr. Keble Howard. That is as it should be with summer books, and both of these stories provide ideal reading for a country holiday. Mrs. Merrick's "When a Girl's Engaged" (Chatto: 3*s.* 6*d.*) is quite a short book, but it is as bright and fresh a little novel as I have read for some time, and though its aim is no more than the entertainment of an idle hour, it must be pronounced a promising first book. The writer is the wife of Mr. Leonard Merrick, whom I esteem as one of our greatest living novelists, and whose fine story, "The Worldlings," has just been issued in the sixpenny series of Messrs. Newnes, a sure sign of growing popularity. Although "When a Girl's Engaged" is Mrs. Merrick's first book, she has written many short stories in the magazines, and, like her husband, she has also written for the stage. A play-going friend of mine tells me that her one-act piece, *The Odd Girl*, produced at Hammersmith by Mr. Mulholland last year, is a charming little play, which ought to find its way to one of the West End houses. Miss Joan Burnett played the leading part, which was specially written for her. Mr. Keble Howard's "Love in June" (Chapman: 6*s.*), is a more ambitious story than Mrs. Merrick's, but there is the same light touch, the reliance on bright dialogue, and it is enough to say that the novel is another of those dainty "pastoral comedies" which the author has taught us to expect from his facile and entertaining pen. This rising novelist knows rural life as intimately as he knows the literary and artistic Bohemia of London, for he is a son of the vicar of Henley-in-Arden, one of the loveliest spots in Shakespeare's greenwood, which has stood him well by way of "local colour." "Howard" is a pen-name, his patronymic being Bell. Mr. Bell is very popular in clubland, and only recently gave up the editorship of the *Sketch* to devote himself entirely to fiction, for which his aptitude is unmistakable.

Mrs. Hope Merrick

Who is the wife of Mr. Leonard Merrick, and herself an author of repute, her first book, "When a Girl's Engaged," having just been published

A Notable War Book

It was not with the liveliest anticipation that I took up Mr. F. A. McKenzie's "From Tokyo to Tiflis" (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), as I confess that I have only a tepid interest in the war; but before I had read half a dozen pages I found myself engrossed by the strong personal appeal of the narrative, and I have read it to the end with genuine pleasure, though my table is piled with volumes of more bookish interest, and therefore more in my line. Mr. McKenzie, who acted for the *Daily Mail* with the First Japanese Army during the most important period of its campaign, and had the luck to come by more picturesque experiences than most of his fellow-correspondents, disclaims any qualities of literary "style" for his "uncensored letters," as he calls his book, his pages having been written in all sorts of unpropitious circumstances. But he writes in so simple, straightforward, sincere a fashion, that the result is far better than a study-finished tale. The book is "actual," alive, vivid. And the chapters have been brought together so skilfully, that they form a well-knit story of a series of momentous events which will live long in the history of the world, and to participate in which was a privilege any journalist might have been proud to enjoy. He has made the most of his opportunities, and his book gains immensely from his subsequent experiences in Russia during the critical months at the beginning of the year. He boldly faces the sinister possibilities for the future which lie in a Japanese triumph, and I for one am glad to find a writer who, with all his admiration for the Japanese, has not allowed himself to be obsessed thereby. "From Tokyo to Tiflis" is an eminently sane and sober view of the situation in the Far East, as well as a graphic and fascinating narrative of a war correspondent's adventures.

Queries for Carl Joubert

With all Mr. Carl Joubert's books on Russia I am not acquainted, and it is only in a casual way that I have been dipping into his latest sensational production, "The Fall of Tsardom" (Nash: 7*s.* 6*d.*); but I notice some discrepancies which make one ask who this Mr. Joubert is, and what are his credentials. For instance, there is, in Mr. McKenzie's book, a full account of the Warsaw strikes, which began in January, whereas Mr. Joubert gives a melodramatic story of a Russian strike-director who, from his office in London, is alleged to have arranged the whole business, and made the strikes commence in February! Again, at page 66, he says: "From Tiflis to Baku, and from Baku to Batoum, and thence to Novorossiysk, in the Caucasus, I have visited every *étape* and prison." This is surely a strange itinerary, since it means an enormous amount of doubling on one's steps. Mr. Joubert also tells us that the Government organisers frequent the Tsar's vodka shops, and fill up their customers with fire-water. Evidently he imagines that the Tsar's vodka shops resemble English public-houses, but one does not need to go out of Fleet Street to know that the great feature of the Russian Government's alcohol monopoly is that no drink is allowed to be consumed in these shops. Mr. Joubert writes in a most vindictive strain, and I am interested to notice that an expert reviewer in the *Times* points out that the author of "The Fall of Tsardom," who professes such inner knowledge of Russian affairs, can hardly write a Russian name without some mistake.

Photo by *Russell*

"Sidney C. Grier" (Miss Gregg)

One of our most gifted lady novelists, who has written many fine stories dealing with life in India

The Oldest Diary

There is an interesting little sidelight on Japanese character in Mr. McKenzie's book. In his chapter on the battle of the Yalu, he remarks that—

> The Japanese soldier is, as a rule, an educated man. He reads diligently, and follows the movements of the world after the same fashion as does the smartest bombardier in Dover Castle. It seems the rule for him to keep a diary, and each night, when march has ceased, you see hundreds of men lying on the ground around the camp fires, writing the daily record for their children's children to read.

Now, I have always had an immense respect for the man who can keep a diary, as I have tried it so often, and always with failure. He must be a plodder, and the Japs are evidently plodders. But it may not be generally known that this habit of journalising is a very old one with the little yellow men. Many years ago I remember reading, in an Anglo-Japanese paper, that the oldest diary in the world is to be found in Japan. It belongs to the Hozaka family, landed proprietors in the province of Koschin. The diary has been conscientiously kept by the various heads of the family for close on four centuries. The state of the weather was naturally a matter of great importance to them, and each day they chronicled its condition. But the books have other entries as well. Some twenty years ago a dispute over precedence took place between two branches of the same family in Koschin, each claiming to be the original line. The contestants appealed to the Hozaka diary, and found the record of a dinner given several hundred years ago by the head of the family to the founder of the side line. The record even contained the names of the dishes eaten at the dinner, and effectually settled the dispute.

"Sydney C. Grier"

"Many happy returns" to the novelist who writes as "Sydney C. Grier," and whose birthday was the 20th inst. Miss Gregg—for it is generally known that the masculine pen-name stands for one of our most gifted lady-novelists—has never in anywise courted publicity, yet her achievement stands high among writers of fiction; her career has been one of singular and steady success. She has devoted herself chiefly, if not exclusively, to writing of Indian life, of the historic past as well as of the actual present. What her personal experience of India may be I do not know, but in several of her stories she displays a most intimate knowledge of our Eastern Empire, not merely from the traveller's point of view, but from that of the old, observant and privileged resident. Yet she is still a young lady, for all her long tale of successful novels, as she is well on the bright side of forty. It is fully ten years since she made her first hit with "In Furthest Ind," and all her books since then have gone to the steady upbuilding of her reputation, for she has never given us a hasty or ill-considered production. Miss Gregg is a native of Gloucestershire, and she confesses to having "written steadily since 1881," which means that she began at the early age of thirteen; but she was sixteen years old before she got her first short story accepted by a provincial weekly. She has recently finished a new novel, which is first to appear in the pages of *The Graphic*.

The Library

With the warm weather here, a noticeable increase has taken place in the output of what, for want of a better word, might be called "open-air" fiction. This is a healthy sign that the psychological study and the problem novel are, for the present (thank heaven!), considered not fit company for us in our summer wanderings. Meanwhile, three excellent out-of-door books have been sent us:—*Stingaree*, by E. W. Hornung (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*); *The Outlet*, by Andy Adams (Constable: 6*s.*); and *Isidro*, by Mary Austin (Constable: 6*s.*). The first contains much healthy excitement in the way of bush-ranging adventures, and those fortunate enough to read these stories as they appeared serially have now the opportunity of reading them once more in volume form—and *Stingaree* well repays a second reading.

Mr. Andy Adams, the author of *The Outlet*, first sprang into fame about two years ago with "The Log of a Cowboy," a fine, breezy story of the Western plains. In *The Outlet*, one is glad to welcome another story of the same sort. The narrative, as a whole, is plain and unaffected. Mr. Adams's characters do not talk "stage" American, or act as if every moment in their lives was pregnant with melodrama, but in the straightforward, simple manner of those who have actually been astride a horse and know how to crack a cattle-whip. The story deals with the great drive of 1884, in which nearly eight hundred thousand head of cattle were driven in some three hundred herds from Texas to the new North-West. In this great exodus, four thousand men and thirty thousand horses were required on the trail, and the value of the drive ran into millions. *The Outlet* deserves the tribute an American critic once gave to a similar work: "This book fairly makes one sunburnt to read it."

Isidro, by Mary Austin, is an ambitious book, and if the author fails in her attempt to write the language affected by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, yet there is a good story here for an afternoon under a tree. We are introduced to Antonio Escobar while he is riding merrily, "as if he already saw the end of all that coil of mischief and murder and love," etc. This might almost have come from "Little Novels of Italy," so like Mr. Hewlett's work is it. Then there is a lady—"a tender slip of a girl, as wan and lovely as the rim of a new moon." The story deals with the old Spanish days in California and Mexico, and the coloured illustrations, especially the last, are delightfully done, and as romantic as they should be in such a story.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Loot of Cities* (Alston Rivers: 1*s.*) is too good and too well written to be described as a shilling "shocker." A happier word for it is a "hurtler." Starting in London, the scenes of the story are laid in Ostend, Bruges, Algiers, and Biskra, while, as is fitting, the final scene takes place in Paris the mysterious—the last resort of English rogues and swindlers in novels. You must, perforce, rush breathless through the book, which displays a wonderful knowledge of men and things the world over. Nobody is quite so convincing as Mr. Bennett, especially when he essays to deal in millions. The way Mr. Bennett juggles with a few millions or so makes the average person's breath come short and fast, and many a stockbroker might sit back and feel as a little child in such matters in the presence of so versatile a genius. The *Loot of Cities* provides an hour of intense excitement, and is a wonderful shillingsworth.

Quite a number of volumes have just been added to Messrs. Methuen's series of Shilling Novels, and as the books are excellently produced, this will be good news to the large class of readers who are on the look out for good fiction. *The Singer of Marly*, by I. Hooper; *Sir Robert's Fortune*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *Sons of Adversity*, by L. Cope Cornford; *The Sword of Azrael*, by R. E. Forrest; *The Squireen*, by Shan F. Bullock; and *A Stretch Off the Land*, by G. Stewart Bowles. These are some of the books either just issued or about to appear. "The Novelist," another series issued by this firm, has just received another addition—*The Brown of Life*, by the late George Gissing. The book is bound in a very attractive cover, printed in two colours, and will be a very welcome addition to this popular series of sixpenny novels.

The Dog from Clarkson's is a humorous story from the pen of Mr. Desmond F. Coke, with whose work readers of THE BYSTANDER are not unfamiliar. If the idea upon which the incidents in the book revolve is somewhat far-fetched—well, so are most ludicrous things, and this in no way detracts from one's enjoyment. Ronald Tweedie bets Bob Cartwright five hundred pounds he cannot go for a week dressed in a dogskin without being found out. Questions of anatomy obtrude upon the reader, but should be instantly dismissed for what follows. Cartwright accepts the challenge, and immediately transforms himself into something between a sheep dog and a Shetland pony. Meantime, Miss Vera Scarsdale calls; Cartwright enters the room in his disguise, and is presented to her as a gift by the rejoicing Tweedie. Cartwright's adventures for the next week make excellent fooling, and if you want to know who won the bet, the book is published by Messrs. Jarrold at three and six. The literary student who reads Mr. Coke's work will be pleased with the writing, the right word in the right place evidently being one of the author's literary maxims.

Russia Under the Great Shadow, by Luigi Villari (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), is a good, bulky volume, which deals intimately with Russian life in town and country, as well from the economic standpoint as from the descriptive. The Industrial Development of Russia, the Economic Situation, and Russian Public Opinion, are some of the subjects dealt with, while Poland has an instructive and entertaining chapter to itself. While so many books have been published on Russia, the present volume is certainly one of the best we have seen, the illustrations being particularly good.

In view of Norway's repudiation of King Oscar's decision regarding the Consular question, it may be mentioned that the volume on Norway in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series deals at some length with Constitutional questions, and with the friction between Norway and Sweden, which has been constant throughout the King's reign. The author of the work was the late Professor Hjalmar Boyesen, but it contains a supplementary chapter on recent events by Mr. C. F. Keary, the well-known novelist, and author of "The Vikings in Western Christendom."

G. F. J.

Books to Order This Week

General Literature

Swinburne's Tragedies. Collected Edition. Vol. I.; "The Queen Mother and Rosamond." (Chatto and Windus: 5*s.* net.)

Russia Under the Great Shadow. By Luigi Villari. With Eighty-five Illustrations. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Fiction

Glenanaar. A Story of Irish Life. By Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

The Dog from Clarkson's. A Vagary. By Desmond F. Coke. (Jarrold: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

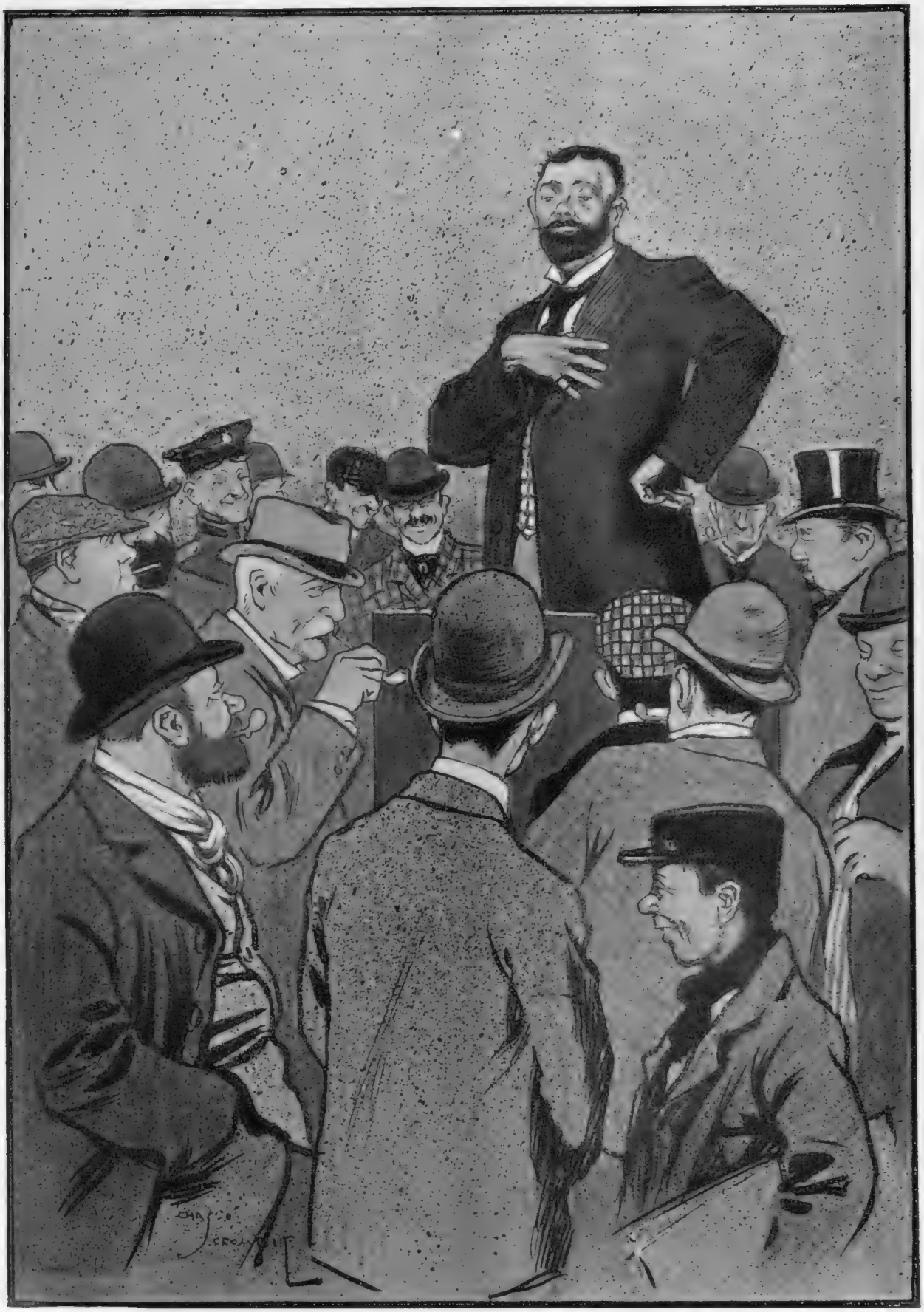
The Outlet. By Andy Adams. (Constable: 6*s.*)

Isidro. By Mary Austin. (Constable: 6*s.*)

The Loot of Cities. By E. Arnold Bennett. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.*)

French Fiction

La Domination. By Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles. (London. Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*)



A DELICATE DISTINCTION

VOICE IN CROWD: "But you're a Alien yourself, ain't you?"

"No, shentlemen! I vas not vat you call ze Alien; aldo I vas not born in dis guntry, I am broud to zay dat both my fatder and motder vere Englishmen"

DRAWN BY CHAS. CROMBIE

MATTERS MUSICAL

The usual rush of concerts at the commencement of the month has been followed by quite a lull. Even at the Opera there has been nothing of note, except the "Gala" performance, which has been described at length in most of the papers, and the revival of *Il Ballo in Maschera* on Monday. At the Waldorf it is much the same. The revival of *Il Barbiere* was, in every way, most admirable, and a better all-round performance has not been seen in London for many years. An interesting event was the appearance of Madame Emma Nevada in *Traviata*, which took place on Friday, the 16th inst.

Signor Ancona

Who is singing principal rôles in the season of Opera at the Waldorf Theatre

Where are our English Composers?

With so little of special interest going on, one may, perhaps, give a little attention to a musical question which, from time to time, arises, and which, apropos of the "Gala" performance, seems to have cropped up again. The question is briefly this:—"Why are English composers so seldom represented at the Opera? and why are they not encouraged more?" The whole question seems to be so simple that one wonders why people so continually go on raking it up. In the first place, surely *when* a British composer writes an opera which is really likely to occupy a permanent position in the Covent Garden répertoire, then every chance will be given him; but it is obviously ridiculous to expect the Syndicate to expend hundreds of pounds in experiments which invariably end in financial disaster. Of late years any English opera which has been produced at Covent Garden has at most acquired a *succès d'estime* from a friendly audience.

The Box Office the Surest Verdict

The aim, after all, of the Syndicate is to produce the best that they can, and in ninety per cent. of the cases the box office is the surest verdict. People may argue that in the case of Wagner it took years before his operas acquired any hold on the general public; but it must be remembered that his case was exceptional because he was a reformer, and like most other people of that type, he was before his time. But in the case of English opera it is quite different. There are plenty of admirable composers in our country, but it would seem that their gifts do not lie in the direction of the lyric drama. No doubt this is due in a measure to temperamental causes. Englishmen are loath to express exuberance of feeling, and to "let themselves go," and, above all, to write a successful work for the stage this power is the most necessary. Again, some of our leading composers have identified themselves with educational institutions, such as the Royal College of Music, the Royal Academy, etc., excellent in their own way, no doubt, but prone to produce pedantry. It may be that should Sir Edward Elgar see fit to turn his great gifts to the composition of an opera, we should show that we have a composer able to hold his own with the best of modern musicians. The root of the whole complaint is a sort of "spurious" patriotism.

Spurious Patriotism in Music

There is a certain class of people who find fault with everything which is not home made, and who like to air their grievances, and show how dearly they love their country, and how jealous for it they are. But these well-intentioned persons entirely forget this fact, that all really good is purely catholic. It matters not whether an opera be written by a Frenchman, or an Italian, or a German, or for that matter a Chinaman, so long as it is *good*, that is *the* great point. It is, of course, to be lamented that we have not in England a Puccini, a Gounod, or a Verdi; but surely it would be far wiser and better if people would face this fact, and hope for better things, than that they should write to the newspapers and try to teach the Opera Syndicate how to manage its own business.

The Remedy for Well-meaning Grumblers

One feels that there must be a large section of the public who do not in the least realise the expense, the labour, and the risk which the production of a new opera involves. Mr. Charles Manners, with characteristic energy, has on more than one occasion offered a prize for the best opera composed by an Englishman, but although he received numbers of works, he entirely failed to discover amongst them any valuable additions to the regular répertoire. Yet, in spite of these things, people continue every year, when the Opera season is in full swing, to grumble. These well-meaning, but mistaken "musicians (?)" might surely find an admirable outlet for their patriotism in the many excellent brass-bands provided for their edification by the London County Council. In the meantime, the answer to their grievance *may* be forthcoming in Sir Edward Elgar. G. W. E.

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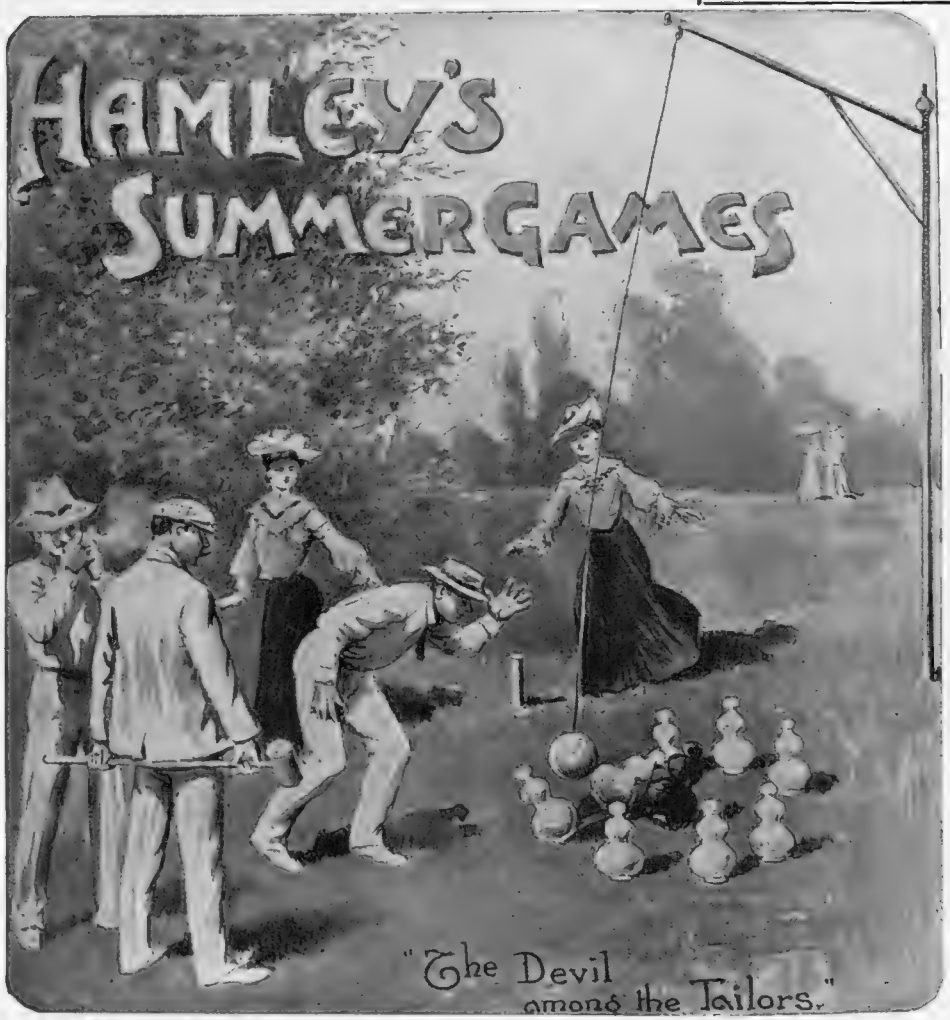

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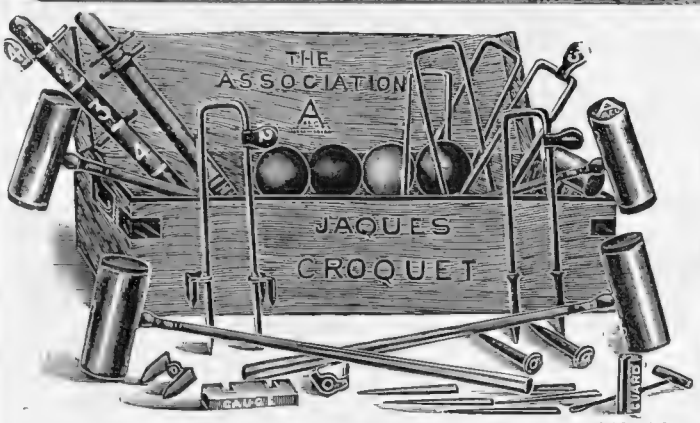

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LADY GARDENERS AT GLYNDE SCHOOL

The Hon. Frances Wolseley

The daughter of the famous Commander-in-Chief. It is under Miss Wolseley's auspices that the school has been developed

Miss F. M. Verrall training a climbing rose

Miss Verrall is a gold medallist of the Royal Horticultural Society, and the instructor of the School

The Farmhouse

Among the many schools for the training of lady gardeners, one recently started by the Hon. Frances Garnet Wolseley is fast coming into public notice. The training is of the most practical kind; each branch of horticulture, from the little menial jobs to those duties requiring the highest technical skill, is gone through at some time or other during the year's course. The students work daily in Lady Wolseley's old-world gardens at Glynde—a small village near Lewes, Sussex

Lady Gardeners at Glynde School

Back view of Farmhouse

The students are, for the most part, daughters of professional men, who, by necessity or preference, intend to gain their livelihood as gardeners or small market-growers, and yet cannot afford the high fees and attendant expenses of the larger Colleges. At Glynde a merely nominal fee is asked, and there are no other expenses for books, tools, etc.

Among the roses

Each girl, after the first general rudiments of horticulture are mastered, and if she seem worthy of it, is given the care of a garden, or part of it, for the neatness and trimness of which she is held responsible. By this plan, she has a personal interest in, and affection for, *her* garden, at the same time developing a sense of responsibility and forethought so often lacking in students

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

By ERNEST LEHMANN

The Open Championship

The cautious prophetic methods adopted in my article of May 31 have been justified by the result, for I said therein that in writing of players of the stamp of Braid, Vardon, and Taylor, it was almost impossible to predict which of them would come out on top in any given competition. This year, James Braid has won, and won handsomely, and has, I think, proved himself indubitably the finest player for the moment in what, to borrow a Cambridge phrase, I will call the "Wrangler" division of professional golfers. His victory is a deservedly popular one, for there is no player more universally liked and respected, both by amateurs and by his brother professionals, than Braid.

E. Ray
A young player who did well in the Open Championship

Course versus Ball

Before I go into any particular details of this year's Championship, I must say something on a topic which has been exercising the minds of most golfers for some little time. We are now, in the golfing world, witnessing something akin to what goes on from year to year in the naval world. In naval circles there is a perennial fight for supremacy going on between projectiles and armour. At one moment the powers of offence have the advantage; then comes the turn of some new kind of armour-plating, and we are treated to a series of thrusts and parries by the offensive and defensive inventors. In the golfing world, the fight, ever since the advent of the cored ball, has been one between ball and course. Last year at Sandwich the ball beat the course into a cocked hat, so to speak; so much so, in fact, that the Sandwich authorities have been busy ever since trying to piece the reputations of their course together again, and much discussion of pros and cons is going on now among committee and members as to how best to restore the lost balance between course and ball. Warned by the fate of the Sandwich course, the Royal and Ancient Committee set about betimes to put the reputation of their course into the most perfect trim that human ingenuity could devise. They determined that there should be no playing about with their course, and that no phenomenal scoring should make a fool of it in the eyes of the golfing world. They erred, perhaps, in excess of caution, for the course laid out for this year's Championship was undoubtedly the most difficult that has ever been set for a great competition. It was not only extremely long, all the tees having been put back to their extreme limits, but several flourishing young families of bunkers had been added to increase the joys and amenities of various holes already sufficiently difficult before their advent. Then, too, the clerk of the weather came to the aid of the Committee, and selected for the Championship days the most difficult and testing wind that blows at St. Andrews, a good, steady, and sometimes very stiff north-east wind helping the player hardly anywhere, and, in combination with a brilliant sun, making all the putting greens as slippery as ice rinks.

The Defeat of the Ball

The result was never in doubt from the start, and the ball got a tremendous drubbing from the triumphant course, as the scores amply prove. On the first day there was no score under 80, on the second there were only three, and on the last day only eight scores under that total. The best score returned during the whole competition was Rowland Jones's 77 on the second day, while the winner could do no better than 78, which he returned twice, his other scores being each 81. I think that the Sandwich catastrophe gave custodians of courses a severe fright. Let us hope that with the experience gained this year we may now find a *via media*, and that we may be able to set out our courses, not at extreme length or severity, but so as to provide a healthy balance between course and ball. As I have said in a previous article, this *via media* is best reached by adding to the difficulties to be met with on the road from tee to hole.

Features of the Championship

For the moment I must leave this fascinating topic of links construction, though I shall crave leave to return to it later on, and must touch upon some of the salient characteristics of this year's Championship. I have already spoken of the splendid qualities

marking Braid's performance, and will only speak of two incidents in his last round, which might easily have cost him the Championship. At the fifteenth hole his second lay rather badly, and he put it into the railway. At the moment he had, for the last four holes, twenty-five to win, an average of one over sixes, for holes which can be done by a player of his genius in seventeen strokes. As it turned out, he took twenty-one for these holes, and this was caused by the visit to the railway at the fifteenth, and a similar mistake at the next hole. Luckily, the first time his ball lay fairly well, and he got it well out, but the error turned a four into a six-hole. Driving a grand tee shot at the sixteenth, he carried over the Principal's Nose into the bunker beyond, a bunker which might well be filled up, seeing that the course is now always played on the right hand. His ball lay so well that he took his driving iron and got a grand shot out. But, in order to make sure of carrying the edge of the bunker, he probably gave an unconscious slice to the ball, which carried hole high to the right and bounded into the railway.

James Braid

Winner of the Open Championship

A Good Man in Adversity

Here was a moment to test the stoutest nerves and most equable temper, more especially when the ball was found lying so close to the near rail as to make it impossible to play for the hole, and very problematical to get the ball out at all. Braid seemed to take the difficulty as all in the day's work, and though he missed the globe at the first attempt through striking the rails, he got it well out in the next stroke, but so far from the hole as to make a six very doubtful and a seven uncertain. A player gifted with a less admirable temperament than Braid's might well have gone all to pieces at this point, for the extremely difficult seventeenth hole was still waiting to be negotiated. Nothing daunted, however, Braid played a superb run-up, which nearly went in, got his hole in six, played the seventeenth as if no disaster had occurred at the two previous holes, and took it in a fine five, and finished up at the last hole with a four, as if he were playing a private match with very little depending on it. Braid, by his behaviour under the trying circumstances set forth above, proved conclusively that nature has endowed him with that invaluable quality known among players as the right temperament for the game, and this, with his formidable powers in all departments of play, makes him one of the most difficult players to beat, and one who will always give his backers a magnificent run for their money in any competition in which he takes part.

Taylor Plays an Uneasy Game

Taylor, I think, allowed the course to get on his nerves, and did not seem, to use a French phrase, altogether *dans son assiette.* It is with great diffidence that I venture to criticise such a great authority as Taylor, both as player and expounder of the game; but I feel convinced that if at the ninth and seventeenth holes he had made use of the running-shot, which he can play as well as anyone, instead of the pure pitch, he would have saved enough strokes to have made it a very near thing between him and Braid. Other circumstances, which I will not specify, may have contributed to ruffling Taylor's usual serenity before his second round, throughout which he played many shots quite below his usual form. If the causes I have alluded to, did influence his game for the worse, he has my profoundest sympathy, for no player deserves kinder or better treatment than Taylor, not only on account of his grand performances in the game, but also because of his sterling merits as a man.

Harry Vardon and the Younger Men

Harry Vardon was, unfortunately, rather severely struck in the back at the thirteenth hole by a full shot hit by Ray, a mighty slogger, from the sixth tee, on the day previous to the first round of the Championship. This may have contributed to unsteadying his game, which struck me as being as fine as ever, if not quite so consistent. Among the younger players, Rowland Jones, Massey, Ernest Gray, R. Thomson, J. Sherlock, and E. Ray, particularly distinguished themselves. I was very much taken with Sherlock's style. He is a beautiful player to watch, every shot being executed with perfect ease and grace. Given health and strength, I am convinced he has a great future before him. I was much interested on hearing from him, after he had played a perfect run up with his iron at the seventeenth hole in his third round, that he had been taught that shot by Andrew Kirkaldy two days before, and had made excellent use of it ever since. Kinnell and Rowe well maintained their reputations, while young Reid, the Versailles professional, gives promise, to my mind, of developing in the near future into one of our very finest players. Alfred Toogood was unable to do himself justice owing to a severe chill, otherwise I think he would have gone very near to the top. A mere handful of amateurs entered, and Mr. Graham, by alone surviving to the last day, once more proved that he is the only amateur at present who has the least chance in a scoring competition against the pick of the professionals.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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Lawn-Tennis Notes

By H. S. SCRIVENER

[*Photographs of later events will be found in the week-end* Sports Supplement]

Jupiter Pluvius Wins at Beckenham

The rain was bound to come sooner or later, and the manner of its coming, and of its determination to stay, will not be forgotten in a hurry by the unfortunate competitors at Beckenham. Out of the six days there were only two on which play was possible—the Thursday and the Saturday—and on the Saturday there were two thunderstorms. To finish any of the events under these conditions was, of course, beyond the powers even of such an experienced "boss" as Mr. Evelegh; but on the Saturday the competitors played—or rather mud-larked—through the rain in desperation, while long-suffering umpires sat beneath umbrellas and logged down the score on pulpy tablets, so that a good deal more progress was made than could reasonably have been expected, the two chief events, the Singles Championships of Kent, being actually brought up to the final rounds. Two of the Australasian team, Brookes and Dunlop, chose the meeting for their début on English soil, and the former, by defeating Eaves, proved that the standard of play in Australia is quite high enough to enable her best men to make a good show in the forthcoming International contest. Dunlop also did well, but found A. W. Gore a bit too strong for him, and the latter and Brookes ultimately reached the final of the Singles. At the East Croydon Tournament last week Gore also defeated H. A. Parker, another Australian representative, after a hard match, by 6—3, 4—6, 6—2.

H. A. Parker (Australia)

Defeated by A. W. Gore in the semi-finals at East Croydon last week by 6—3, 4—6, 6—2

Sealed Nominations

It is universally admitted that Japan's secrecy is one of the secrets of Japan's success, and the conviction seems to be growing that her methods may be usefully applied to other branches of sport besides bear-baiting. Upon the question who is to represent England in the forthcoming Internationals, we are mysteriously informed (by *Lawn Tennis*) that "seven names have been approved," and that the secretary of the L.T.A. has been desired "to approach the parties selected, and request them to make immediate arrangements to get into training, and to play if called upon to do so." Some of the enemy are in the country already, and more may be expected shortly. Deep-laid plots are already, doubtless, on foot for the doping and disabling of England's champions, but this prudent reticence will defeat them, and enable the seven to go on with their "arrangements to get into training" in perfect security. When the battle is o'er, and England (as we hope) has proved victorious, we may expect to learn that the selected team was conveyed from Waterloo to Wimbledon in an armoured train painted to represent a milk-van, proceeding thence to the All-England ground along a subterranean passage, and emerging through a trap-door in the vicinity of the centre court. For the convenience of those who wish to see the principal matches in the Championship Meeting, it may be worth mentioning that, unless the weather seriously interferes with the proceedings, the final of the All-Comers' Singles will be played on July 4, and the Championship round on July 5.

A New Irish Secretary

The Irish Championship meeting, which is being held this week on the courts of the Fitzwilliam Club in Wilton Place, Dublin, has suffered no inconsiderable loss through the resignation, at the end of last season, of its hon. secretary, C. H. Chaytor, who has done a good deal more than most people are aware of to tide the club, and the tournament, over the period of depression under which lawn tennis in the Irish capital has laboured for some years past. It seems a pity that he should have found himself unable to continue in office just when there are signs of a distinct revival, and when his efforts are apparently beginning to bear fruit; but since a successor must needs be found, the appointment of J. F. Stokes could hardly have been improved upon. Stokes is an enthusiastic and influential member of the club and a committeeman of some years' standing; he is also one of the best players in Ireland — particularly in Doubles and Mixed Doubles—and would be somewhere near the scratch mark in an English first-class handicap. He played with a fair amount of success at two or three English meetings last year.

OUR SUPPLEMENT

Our Supplement this week, dealing with the Sports of the Week-end, is of special interest, in that it marks a feature to which, in the future, greater attention will be paid. Commencing with this number, the Sports of the Week-end will be included in every issue of the paper.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The climax of the season is Ascot—a climax maintained to the last possible instance, after which comes the descent to the dull season, so far as London is concerned. But sufficient for the time is the race week thereof, and the majority of us are agog with excitement as to wherewith we shall clothe ourselves, varied by speculations as to what our friends will wear. The fact that so many nowadays drive to the course in motor-cars has given quite a fresh zest to the dust-cloak question, which, of a truth, has grown a little rusty for lack of proper incentive.

At the Maison Redfern

Perhaps there is no house, either here or in Paris, where greater attention and finer judgment is brought to bear on wraps and cloaks. They seem to have quite a peculiar faculty here for evolving delights that are not merely original, but are also, in the best sense, of practical value. Just now, of course, in response to a general demand, there is a pronounced leaning towards Empire effects; several smart, snuff-brown, cloth coats appealing as persuasively picturesque, relieved by touches of black satin and old-world embroideries.

In our variable climate the smart wrap-coat becomes increasingly important every year, the more so as our gowns become proportionately ephemeral during the summer months. And, speaking of summer frocks, they have some linen robes at Redferns, embroidered and inset with coarse lace, that are simply irresistible. That these are exclusive models it goes without saying, and their charm does not lie in any extraordinary extravagance, but rather in that expressively fine taste and indescribable cut which renders the simplest Redfern creation a thing of distinctive and covetable character.

Then their little lingerie blouses, confections of filmy lawn and lace, or embroidered linen, while some are entirely of lace, in various qualities, united by hand-stitchery, are the most delicious things imaginable. There is one in particular—a lace slip formed of square *motifs*—that would melt the heart of a sphinx. Special attention has been bestowed this season on the *blanche* department, which is most directly reached from the Bond Street entrance, and which leads immediately to the millinery—the famed millinery that forecasts the fashion of to-morrow with unerring hand.

Here is to be found that most unexpected revival, the large hat swept by a voluminous veil, the freak of a favourite French actress, who is responsible for many an unaccountable vogue; together with the latest thing in toques, which is an affair of straw, trimmed and tilted to an angle by a mass of guimped silk ruchings, and is a veritable gem of original taste and style. It is not generally known, but Messrs. Redfern particularly object to any confection of theirs advertising its birthplace. The aim they set up is to dress women well, according to each one's style and individuality. There is no *couturière* freer of conventionalism than Redfern.

A Fashionable Resort

One of the very pleasantest places in town to lunch or tea is at Fuller's new establishment, 209, Regent Street. Although commenced on the lines of the parent house over the way, this depôt is a very different and considerably extended affair, capital cold or hot lunches, table d'hôte, or à la carte, running from mid-day; while teas can be had up to seven o'clock. In fact, this is a restaurant worked on the most up-to-date lines; or perhaps a club would be the juster description, since additionally to providing food for the body, they also afford relaxation for the mind in the shape of cosy writing and reading-rooms, where all the papers are to be found and enjoyed, or a note or two written during the pause of a busy shopping day.

Situated as Fuller's is, in the very heart of the shopping district, this club idea is proving a veritable boon to suburban and country women, who can start the day by leaving any impedimenta whereof they are possessed at a parcel office, and at the same time advise the reception of others during the day.

Another admirable feature of the place is the ventilation. There is positively no cooler resort in the whole of London; while, for heating purposes in the winter, radiators of the most modern style are employed throughout. Altogether, this is a place to be known, sought after, and made much of, for it fulfils to a nicety a long-felt want. The cooking also can be vouched for, as it is most excellent; and by way of keeping up the tradition of the house and name, the menu invariably contains one or more American *plats*, which goes home to the heart of Transatlantic visitors, and, at the same time, satisfies the curiosity of the more stay-at-home English.

The Motor Revolution

"Motor-cars, dear lady, are going to revolutionise Society." This remark was, well! scarcely whispered in my ear, during a lunch at Princes' Restaurant the other day. Several exquisitely hatted heads turned round at the barely suppressed venom that accompanied the remark, and I subsided, until the disconcerting pause had passed, into the discussion of a delicious *plat* of soles, with some strangely beautiful creamy sauce, that contained a slight flavour of cheese. But, when all the beautiful hats had returned to the discussion of their own particular *plats*, I returned in a tactful way—that is peculiarly my own, and women who do not like me call it "time serving"—to that text of motor revolutionism.

Apparently, the chief grievance is that motors are responsible for emptying town on Sundays, and,

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A knockabout Norfolk suit in coarse Harris linen, sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street

incidentally, the churches and the park. Motors, also, I was informed, were inculcating a craze for cultivating people who were congenial, albeit they lived fifty miles away, rather than supporting, as of old, the dulness of those close at hand. Apparently, this is a most heinous offence. In fact, motors were represented to me as the root of all indulgence, and condemned accordingly; whereas, the real depravity of the pursuit, represented in hooligan driving, was never touched upon at all.

Convictions at Kenneth Durward's

And after that conversationally depressing lunch, I straightway went and revived under the influence of ordering a new motor-coat at Ulster House, Conduit Street. The new Durward coat there, let me tell you, is positively perfection, the back close fitting, and the waist defined by a band that is passed through slits at the top of the pockets, so leaving the front loose. This, in white homespun, with cloth collar and turn-back cuffs, in some distinctive colour, is the epitome of practicability, and *chic*. The colour I have selected—but no! my generosity does not go quite so far. Then the "Race" coat, a long, loose sacque, with inverted pleats at the back, is exceptionally smart, the revers rolling back almost to the waist; while the "Park Conduit" is rendered shapely by a sort of cuirass arrangement, that is carried over the shoulders and down the back, and is an eminently seasonable wrap in flecked tweeds and alpacas.

It is somewhat of a palatial abode, this one of Ulster House, in appearance, and without knowledgable inducement, it is probable, many would fear to enter the lordly portals; whereas the prices throughout are quite within the means of the moderate purse. Coats, such as have just been described, commence at three guineas, and these, I may add, compare more than favourably with rivals costing half as much again.

And the firm are doing the most admirable knockabout Norfolk suits in coarse Harris linens at five guineas. These are real marvels at the price, the pleats in the coats being of an expanding character, to meet the exigencies of golfing.

The accompanying sketch, however, faithfully represents one of these models in a mustard brown tweed, with facings and belt of dark, plain, brown cloth and leather buttons. There are few things more delusive than a Norfolk coat, so simple and straightforward in aspect is it, and yet so capable, lacking skilled sartorial handling, of looking everything that is shapeless and dowdy. But at Kenneth Durward's, the tailoring art is maintained at the highest point of excellence.

A Woman's Note Book

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AND 'ARRY: A COMPARISON

I was staying over Whitsuntide in a quaint town famous for its historical associations and beautiful surroundings, and here I met the tourist from across the Atlantic. An American woman, whatever may be said of her brilliancy, capability, and the rest, is not a peaceful being, and, when she swoops down upon the countryside in the freshness of June, strikes one rather forcibly as a huge mistake. Here is a touring specimen! She was young, and *could* have been beautiful; only when one tours, as when one motors, it is of primary importance to look ugly. She was attired in a creation resembling a man's shooting jacket, with skirt above her ankles, large Panama hat, and a leather case, which might have contained an opera-glass, telescope, kodak, or anything else, for all I knew—or cared—dangling from a strap over her shoulder. She had a manly stride, an offensively determined manner, and a voice like a horn. She strode up and enquired for the best hotel. I directed her, then returned to my contemplation of the river. "Say," said the tourist, "didn't some one perish on that hill?" "Sheep," I replied, "in the winter." "No, no, a person." "Very likely a little orphan child, lost in the snow," I suggested pathetically, but the tourist has no heart for a common orphan; it must be royal or famous. "A *historical* person," she persisted. "If you want a guide-book, there are plenty at the stationers round the corner; for history your best plan would be to call at the Free Library, third turning to the left and second to the right."

Such a deadly earnest tourist could not believe she was being joked. I watched her coming slowly to the conclusion that she had met an escaped lunatic. Thanking me, pityingly, she moved on.

I sauntered further along the river bank, everywhere encountering these active sightseers examining, ticketing, prying into the beauties of nature and the habitations of men. It made me rather breathless. They were all as busy as bees, hot, eager, uncomfortable; and simply racing to see how much they could put into the day. I cannot believe they enjoyed it. At some distance, lying on the grass, his hat over his eyes, and idly throwing stones into the water, 'Arry was taking his holiday, vaguely contented with the rest and the somewhat florid charms of 'Arriet. I was never tempted before to admire the holiday-making of 'Arry; but now his sleepy serenity seemed almost a beautiful thing. "Next time I go away," I said, addressing a meek-looking cow, or the brightly garbed form of 'Arrie', or anything or anyone else that would listen, "I will avoid tourists—especially when they are American."

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A PICNIC LUNCHEON

Three Dozen Anchovy and Shrimp Paste Sandwiches
Cold Salmon (about 4 or 5 lb.) Cucumber
Lobster Salad Mayonnaise
Galantine of Fowl or Roast Chickens
Fore-quarter of Lamb Mint Sauce
A Tongue (not rolled)
Jam Puffs Maids of Honour
Cake Cheese

GALANTINE OF FOWL

Bone the fowl, and lay it on the table with the inside uppermost. Cut the meat from the thick parts, and distribute it equally all over the inside; season. Take 1 lb. of cooked veal and 1 lb. of fat bacon, cut into small pieces, and put through the mincing machine; mix with it, parsley, nutmeg, grated peel of a lemon, pepper, and salt. Put all in the mortar, and pound fine; then add the yolks of three eggs. Peel 1 lb. of truffles, cut up some boiled tongue and ½ lb. of fat boiled bacon into long fillets about quarter-inch wide. Spread a layer of the forcemeat over the fowl, about an inch thick. Put the fillets of tongue and bacon on this, about one inch apart, with truffles between, then another layer of forcemeat. Take care that it is of equal thickness in every part; then tightly roll, bind firmly together with a piece of tape; wrap lightly in a pudding cloth, and closely tie at each end. Put it in a stewpan, fitting as nearly as may be as to size. Add all the chicken bones, two carrots, two small onions, stuck with four cloves, bunch of sweet herbs, two bay leaves, one dozen peppercorns; add sufficient white stock to cover it, let it just come to the boil, then simmer for two hours. Take out the galantine, remove the cloth, strain the stock; place the galantine in a deep dish, pour all the stock over, and leave till partly cold. It must then be pressed between two boards with a heavy weight on it. Boil down the stock to a jelly; add ½ oz. gelatine, one teaspoonful of Liebig; strain till clear. When cold, remove all the fat. Wipe the galantine over, brush it with glaze, place it on a dish, and garnish with the jelly, cut into large dice, beetroot, bunches of watercress or lettuce, and the white of egg cut into pretty shapes; or cover the galantine with the same sauce as for a chaud froid of chicken.

MAYONNAISE

Put the yolk of a raw egg into a small basin and stir with a wooden spoon for a few minutes until it thickens; then add the oil drop by drop till you have used about half a gill; pour in slowly (while stirring) a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, and season with pepper and salt to taste. A little cream is an improvement, but the mayonnaise can be made without it.

MAIDS OF HONOUR

Put 2 oz. of butter into a pan, and when melted stir in ½ lb. of castor sugar; then add the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two; add three beaten eggs, and simmer gently till thick. Make a short pastry and put in patty pans; fill with the mixture and bake.

The above luncheon will be found sufficient for twelve persons. I have given the recipe of the chicken galantine as it requires some care in the preparation, but it is a most popular dish.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Mrs. H., Rutland Gate.—I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and hope to give you the suggestions you ask for shortly.

EMILIA.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Cart versus Car: Their Safety Compared

The recent experiments at the Crystal Palace were designed to demonstrate the comparative amount of control at the command of drivers of horse-drawn and motor vehicles whilst running at equal speeds. In comparing the respective results it will be seen that a motor-car is able to come to a standstill in about one-fifth of the distance that a horse-drawn carriage takes in stopping when travelling at the same speed. These interesting experiments were so conducted that each competing pair of vehicles started abreast, and ran side by side together until the signal to stop was given. In one event, a Napier racer was matched against a trotting sulky, driven by Mr. Bishop, the latter, although travelling at twenty miles an hour, pulling up in fine style. Perhaps the most striking example of control was furnished by Mr Stocks, who, travelling at nine miles per hour on a 15 h.-p. De Dion, pulled up in eighteen inches. The following are the results of the test:

	Distances taken to stop dead after signal was given.	
Motor Mail Van		
v. Two-horse Van.	Motor.	Horse.
7·6 miles per hour	8ft.	28ft.
7·8 miles per hour	9ft.	24ft. 2in.
Six-cylinder Napier *v.* Single-horse Carriage.		
13·3 miles per hour	10ft. 6in.	47ft. 6in.
18 h.-p. Mercedes *v.* Single-horse Landaulette.		
15·6 miles per hour	28ft. 9in.	42ft. 10in.
15 h.-p. De Dion *v.* Hansom Cab.	Motor.	Horse.
8·7 miles per hour	1ft. 6in.	24ft. 6in.
11·2 miles per hour	7ft. 9in.	33ft. 6in.
15 h.-p. De Dion *v.* Butcher's Cart.		
12·85 miles per hour	9ft. 3in.	50ft. 5in.
15 h.-p. Napier *v.* Butcher's Cart.		
13·84 miles per hour	14ft. 3in.	38ft. 5in.
90 h.-p. Racing Motor-car v. Trotting Sulky.		
18·4 miles per hour	24ft. 3in.	35ft.
20 miles per hour	26ft. 6in.	43ft. 6in.

Similar Tests Should Be Held all Over the Country

Such tests have been held before on the Continent, but I believe Mr. S. F. Edge, who was responsible for the Crystal Palace demonstration, is the first to introduce them into England. If wide circulation is given to the results of these trials, it should help to dispel many wrong impressions at present held by those who are ignorant of the relative safety of motors as compared with horse-drawn vehicles. If every Automobile Club throughout the kingdom was to hold such demonstrations, in the presence of magistrates, police, and the public, in their several districts, more could be done in that way in a few hours than by months of writing and talking on the subject. The only reasonable and proper way in which the speeds of vehicles on the highways can be settled is for a Government Commission to be appointed, the members of this Commission carefully noting the relative safety of each vehicle using the highways by actual

Horse v. Motor control experiments at the Crystal Palace

The recent tests at Sydenham conclusively proved the immense superiority of the motor. The cab in the illustration took no less than 24 ft. 6 in. to pull up, while the 15 h.-p. De Dion, travelling at the same rate—nearly nine miles an hour—was stopped in 10 inches

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

A picturesque corner on the South Harting hill climb

Mr. W. Hacker Arnold's Whitlock-Aster on one of the prettiest parts of the ascent during the Automobile Club's hill climb

use and demonstration. Motorists will be the first to agree that they shall be put on an equal basis with horse-drawn or any other vehicles, provided their relative power of control and stopping are taken into consideration.

Racing on the Sands at Filey

Filey, one of Yorkshire's most fashionable seaside resorts, celebrated Whit Monday in novel fashion. The splendid sands with which this erstwhile fishing village is favoured were used as a motor-track. Despite a good attendance, the programme was partially a failure. For one thing, pools of water on the track necessitated extensive trenching operations; for another, three of the principal competitors failed to put in an appearance—the six-cylinder Napier, the eight-cylinder Dufaux, and the 100 h.-p. Darracq being absent. The only runner in the principal event, the open mile, being Mr. Cecil Edge's 90 h.-p. Napier. Over this distance Mr. Edge attained a speed of 71·5 miles per hour, beating Mr. H. R. Kirk's record for Yorkshire by eleven miles per hour. In the single-cylinder touring car class, Mr. A. Masser's 6 h.-p. De Dion covered the mile in 2 min. 40 sec. In the under 12 h.-p. division, a 12 h.-p. Hallamshire was first while the prize for cars up to 16 h.-p. went to a 15 h.-p. Darracq, driven by Mr. A. H. Walker, his time for the mile being 1 min. 53 sec., or a little over thirty miles an hour.

Do You Want a Car at Once?

I have received from a friend an enthusiastic account of a run on a 24 h.-p. Rochet-Schneider. Travelling seawards from London to Portsmouth, he was on board when she climbed Hindhead, and he tells me that both on that trying slope, and also over the tumble of hills round Petersfield, the car pulled well, and ran quite quietly without vibration. Silence and hill-climbing capacity, when they are combined with the possibility of immediate delivery, certainly attract, and I append a detailed description of the car.

The New 24 h.-p. Rochet-Schneider

This car derives its power from a four-cylinder engine, with mechanically operated valves, the bore is 120 mm. and the stroke 140 mm., giving over 30 h.-p. on the brake. The gearing actuating the cam-shafts, magneto, and pump, is all enclosed in the same casting as the crank chamber, and runs in oil; the magneto is situated on the exhaust side of the engine, and can be detached

Photo by] **Speed motoring on the seashore at Filey** [*Park*

This Yorkshire resort celebrated Whit Monday by holding motor races on the shore. A speed of 71·5 miles an hour was attained by a racing Napier

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without interfering with the gear-wheel, at the same time leaving more room for the carburettor on the opposite side of the engine; the pump is also on the same side as the carburettor, and can be detached without interfering with the driving pinion. The flywheel is very much larger than the 1904 pattern, and is hollow (spoked) and made of soft steel, thus obviating the possibility of breaking. The engine revolves to the right in opposite direction to the 1904 model, and is started by means of the crank handle having four large ratchet teeth, enabling it to be connected up with the engine at any of the four quarters, at the same time automatically releasing the compression and permitting it to be started easily. The frame is of pressed steel, in one piece, including underframe carrying gear-box and engine. Ample protection from mud is afforded by a metal casing, which extends from the radiator in front to well beyond the countershaft. The ignition is low-tension magneto, and the manufacturers claim silent running for their new form of cam-shaft actuating the tappets. Cooling is performed by a honeycomb radiator with forced draft. The gear-box contains four speeds and reverse, with a direct drive on top speed, all bearings running on balls of large diameter. The two sets of gear-wheels are on the same plane, making a flat gear-box, and giving more clearance underneath the frame with the ground. Power is transmitted from the gear-box to the road wheels by chains. Ample brake power is provided by two double-acting metal to metal brakes on the differential, together with double-acting metal to metal internal expanding brakes on drums of rear wheels. £750 is the price asked by the agents for the 24-30 h.-p. model, while an extra £150 will buy a higher-powered 35-40 h.-p. car of similar design.

Carry your Licenses

Motorists are suffering overmuch from police attention: traps abound; the charge of driving to the danger of the public is one far too frequently made; and the liability to have your license examined is another source of trouble. It commenced, I believe, on the Great North road, after the Markyate accident, but has now spread to other main routes, notably the Bath road. Last Saturday, a party of four policemen stopped every motor on this road just beyond Slough, and drivers were made to show their licenses. Those who had forgotten to carry this wretched bit of paper are to be duly summoned and fined five pounds. To punish a motorist with a fine of five pounds just because he has not got his license with him is simply persecution. The whole question of motor licenses requires discussion in Parliament. My last week's list of traps was all too long, but there are still others. Remember to

THROTTLE DOWN

Just outside Milford, Hampshire, on the Portsmouth road.

On Star Hill, near the thirty-fifth milestone, on the London-Basingstoke road.

At Minskip, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.

Into Wilmslow from Manchester, near the railway station at Newquay.

Through Esher village, either side of Cobham (the trap here is constantly being moved).

For at least one mile beyond Ripley.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Automobile Club's Hill Climb at South Harting: An M.M.C. near the summit

The first prize for cars of a value of £500 and upwards was won by a 30 h.-p. Daimler, driven by the owner, Mr. E. Manville

THE CONNOISSEUR

MODERN SILVER

Craftsman v. Manufacturer

The effort which has been made of recent years to reinstate the accomplished craftsman in something of the position which he held before the great wave of manufacture by machinery washed him from our midst, has had its most satisfactory result in connection with the silver-worker. Now that this always beautiful metal is at its lowest price, the time has come when more money might be spent on its workmanship, and the artist-craftsman come into his own again. Among the men who have devoted their lives and skill to this class of work, no one was more devoted and successful than the late Mr. Gilbert Marks, a collection of whose remaining works has recently been seen in London. This artist in silver, who died in early manhood, was a nephew of Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., and of Fred Walker, who was his mother's twin brother. He, therefore, may be considered to have been the heritor of both strong technical skill and that touch of romance, without which no art, whether that of a worker in metal or the maker of history, is complete. Therefore, in giving his talents to the production of beaten and *repoussé* silver-work, he did far more for art than those who devote their labours to the already well-filled ranks of the painters.

The Enemies of the Worker in Silver

It is the applied arts that need all the force and skill British artists can bring to bear upon their work, and silver in particular has sunk into a slough of despond from which such men as the late Mr. Gilbert Marks alone can rescue it. Some time since, writing on this subject, Mr. Spielmann said, in effect, that the real, if unintentional, enemies of the art of silver-work have been among the race of sportsmen—and, therefore, also among the middlemen and workmen who supplied them. The spirit of sport, he thought so foreign in its essence to the sentiment of art, that we should not be surprised to find masters of hounds, Jockey Club officials, and organisers of sporting festivals, lacking in those emotions from which alone real art can spring. This view we should think a little hard on the cultured sportsman were it not that we are familiar with the commonplace and absolutely uninteresting cups and trophies with which he appears contented.

The Need of Conscientious Workers

No doubt there are some among the owners of these vulgar examples

of modern work who resent their lack of æsthetic value, and it is to these that we look for improvement, to these sportsmen and to those workers in silver who have grasped the fact, as did Mr. Gilbert Marks, that one must be content to work more or less alone, and produce only a limited number of things. In England, at the present day, the highest art is for the few. But if all workers in the applied arts were as conscientious and inspired as the artist of whose work we give a few examples, the taste for the beautiful would soon extend, and the expensive cups, shields, and trophies, which now make an ostentatious and offensive appearance on the sideboards of victorious sportsmen, would disappear before such cunningly devised pieces as came with easy grace from his cultivated hand. E. M.

Our illustrations show three fine examples of beaten and repousse silver-work, from the collection of the work of the late Mr. Gilbert Marks, recently exhibited in London

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BRIDGE: Our Weekly Competition

QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION, WITH WEEKLY COMPETITION RUNNING CONCURRENTLY.

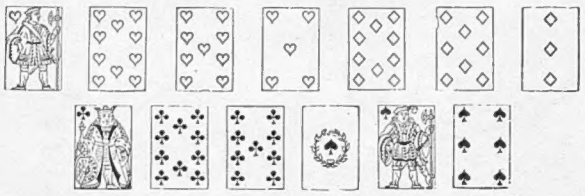
Prizes { **Weekly Competition—First Prize Each Week: Two Guineas**
SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" BRIDGE CASE, value £1 1s.
QUARTERLY COMPETITION—£10 10s. IN CASH to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

Final (13th) Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DUMMY, AND WHY?

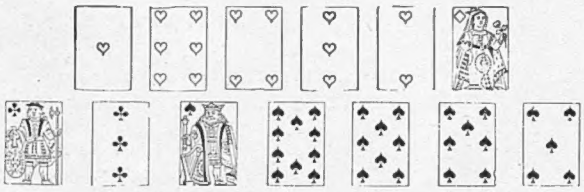
PROBLEM XXXVII.

SCORE: Dealer, Love; Opponents, One Game and 28.



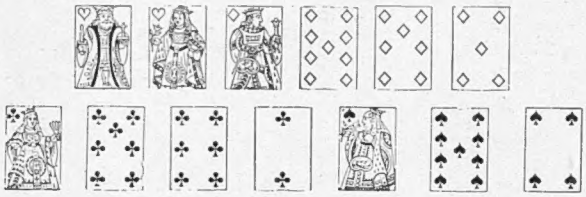
PROBLEM XXXVIII.

SCORE: 16-all.



PROBLEM XXXIX

SCORE: Dealer, Game and 22; Opponents, 24.



Unless otherwise specified, it is the first game of the rubber.

What You Have to Do

1. Herewith, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XXXVII., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three problems—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

3. Give your solutions of the thirteenth week's problems set here, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, June 26, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

Next week, I will discuss the play of the hands in the Quarterly Competition. The winners will be announced the week after. PROBLEMATICUS.

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

ELEVENTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XXXI.-XXXIII.

Eight competitors obtained full marks, and, excluding those who have already gained prizes, the following three sets of solutions have been decided to be best entitled to the prizes:—

The FIRST PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

James Costello, Esq., 35, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

Major W. Sykes-Banks, Depot Barracks, Dorchester.
H. J. W. Dresser, Esq., The Verne, Portland.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by Competitors for solving Problems XXXI., XXXII., XXXIII., in our Quarterly Competition:—

15, Ajmere, Dogger, Fantôme, Horatio, Kirkland I., Raniput, Toil, Viking; 14, Captain Cuttle, Darkie, Fen, Gamndin, Joker, Kirkland II., Lance Fieldoak, Luppy, Queen's, Sackbut, Tarbet, Wantacas, York; 13, Bijou, Blue, Dunmarklyn, Mugwump, Omnibus, Primrose, Ray, Waverley; 12, Alexander, Awapuni, Bognor, Bridge of Sighs, Bulbs, Chlorodyne, Hockey, Ingleside, P.M.S., Peter, Simplex, Trial, Willimoteswick; 11, Aptwm, Eblow, Moretons, Norland, Not 'Arf, Pool, Puffin Boy, Purley, Watadam; 10, Arrow, Edgbaston, Frimley, Mount, Noxious, Puck, Royal, Soberton, Special Scotch, Whatley; 9, Alleyn, Blockhead, Lucia, Mad, Oltonia, Pons, Seivad, Strategy, Tylhus; 8, Grosvenor, Ina II., Kapakowrie, Mate, Miles, Moth, Pelaw, Queensborough, Trixie; 7, Bis dat qui cito dat, C. A. M., Chippie, Cumtux, Mucross, Pellon, Swansfield; 6, Albert, Kingsnorth, Mammon; 5, Badger, Bhyll, Gladstone, Mendip Lodge, Tower; 4, Ina I., Overbury, White Cat; 3, Gate, Quib.

Tenth Weekly Competition delayed in post:—12, Swansfield; 5, Hockey.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XXXI., XXXII., XXXIII.

PROBLEM XXXI.—No-trumps. It is not a no-trump hand, being barely a queen above an average hand; but it has the cards nicely distributed, and you will probably make a trick in every suit. If your partner left it on fair strength suits, you may do well. If he left it on nothing, you will lose the game in any case, for spades will be doubled.

PROBLEM XXXII.—No-trumps. It is hardly an inviting hand to call no-trumps on, for to all seeming there are three tricks in it, and a very bare possibility of the thirteenth club. But with three aces it is best always to go no-trumps, because they so often transform a weak hand of your partner into a strong one, and in the long run, though you may sometimes lose a game on them, you score.

PROBLEM XXXIII.—No-trumps. I do not like going no-trumps without an ace; but it is quite clear that at the score your partner would not have left it on nothing at all, and risked getting a light red call from; and whatever his suits are, they make your suits very strong.

We have allotted the following *noms de guerre*:—H. A. S., "Tower"; Miss D., "Ingleside"; A. G., "Gladstone"; E. H. M., "Mount"; C. M. H. H., "Queensborough"; H. J. W. D., "Verne"; P. M., "Kingsnorth."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Tarbet—I prefer the forward, not too forward, game, and here the no-trump call, since it is as safe as most no-trumpers, and gives you a much better chance of getting out.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"Arlington Manor," Newbury

The well-known Berkshire seat of the late Lord Helier is announced for sale by auction in July. This is a very beautiful place, on which Sir Francis Jeune spent largely in improvements and additions to the house and grounds, and entertained many notable people, including members of the Royal Family. The estate is about 600 acres, and includes most beautiful woodlands on the slope of the hills, and the views from the house cannot be surpassed. Hampton and Sons, of Cockspur Street, are the auctioneers conducting the sale.

Fetes in Normandy

The British Vice-Consul at Caen desires to call attention to the very interesting and magnificent fêtes which are announced to take place in that picturesque ancient capital of Normandy on August 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 next. During the fêtes, there will be permanent exhibitions of ancient and modern Norman art, and a typical Norman village in the Hôtel de Ville and grounds. The fêtes begin on Saturday, August 5, with a grand cavalcade representing principal scenes of Norman life, Retraite aux Flambeaux, and then, on following days, grand musical Mass at William the Conqueror's Cathedral of Saint-Etienne, battle of flowers, illuminations and concert on the Grand Cours, Venetian fête on the River Orne, and procession of William's navy, motor-car races, with obstacles, cycles, and balloon races. Grand ball, in Norman costumes, at the Hôtel de Ville, excursions to Dives and Falaise, and finishing with a grand banquet at the Hôtel de Ville. Many distinguished notabilities from England, Channel Islands, and even Canada, have already promised to put in an appearance, and it is expected that many descendants of the Normans from all parts of the world will be induced to visit the ancient capital of their ancestors. As the "Souvenir Normand," whose honorary committee include the Prefet of the Departement, the Rector of the University, the Bishop of the Diocese, etc., has timed its fêtes to coincide with the important Caen race week, it is evident that it offers attractions to the very many different classes of holiday-makers, and when one remembers that one can leave London Bridge or Victoria at 10 a.m. and reach Caen at 11.5 the same evening, having two and a half hours at Rouen for dinner, it can hardly be doubted that many holiday-makers will take advantage of these fêtes to have a most enjoyable change of scene. It will be remembered that the "Souvenir Normand" paid a visit in 1903 to Hastings, and were most heartily entertained by Lord and Lady Brassey and others.

The Empire's Cricketers

The Fine Art Society propose to mark the present visit of the Australian cricket team to England by the publication of "The Empire's Cricketers," a notable work dealing with the most prominent exponents of the game in the British Dominions. To this end, they have enlisted the services of Mr. Chevallier Tayler, one of the cleverest artists of the day. Mr. Tayler, who is himself a cricketer, has been assisted in his selection by Mr. G. W. Beldam, of the Middlesex Eleven, well known as an author, an artist, and a first-class cricketer. Each player is, therefore, represented in his most characteristic attitude, so that the collection will be of educational as well as artistic value. Biographical sketches of the players have been written by Mr. G. W. Beldam. The original drawings are in coloured crayons, and they have been reproduced in facsimile by the best lithographic firms in England. In order to bring the publication within the range of a large public, each number will be sold at 1*s.*, and the sixteen may be obtained post free by a prepayment of 18*s.* 6*d.*, and subscribers to the series will be presented with a handsome binding case or portfolio. The Parts will follow at weekly intervals.

For Postcard Collectors

From the publishers, Messrs. R. S. Cartwright, we have received a set of coloured pictorial postcards, illustrating incidents in the life of Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer. These are admirably printed in colours, from a set of original drawings in the possession of the publishers, and are copyright. The views represent: 1. Dr. Johnson's House, 7, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.; 2. Dr. Johnson reading the MS. of "The Vicar of Wakefield"; 3. Dr. Johnson's Visit to Lord Chesterfield; 4. The Literary Club; 5. Garrick's Trick on Goldsmith; 6. Dr. Johnson and the Ladies. At sixpence the set, these make a cheap and interesting addition to the collectors' album.

"Printers' Pie," 1905

Last week saw the publication of the 1905 issue of "Printers' Pie," the annual founded by Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, with the assistance of Mr. Arthur Croxton, to benefit the Funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, whose President this year is Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. Last year's "Printers' Pie" was completely sold out, and the success of the work has encouraged Mr. Spottiswoode to produce a much larger edition for 1905. The present issue contains contributions from, among others, the Duke of Argyll, W. L. Alden, F. Anstey, G. B. Burgin, General French, Tom Gallon, J. K. Jerome, E. V. Lucas, H. W. Lucy, Barry Pain, Wm. Le Queux, W. Pett Ridge, G. R. Sims, Katharine Tynan, I. Zangwill, etc., and reproductions of drawings, including seven coloured plates, by Cecil Aldin, C. Dana Gibson, Dudley Hardy, Phil May, Chas. Pears, and other well-known artists. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons have again generously placed their facilities at Mr. Spottiswoode's disposal; and in recognition of the efforts of the booksellers and newsagents of the country, a contribution will be made from the proceeds of the forthcoming issue to the funds of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, and the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Instutition. "Printers' Pie," 1905, is published, as before, by the proprietors of the *Sphere* and *Tatler*, price 1*s.* net.

A Change in Title

We have received a copy of the June *Car Magazine*, which is the first to appear under the new title of the *Motor-Car Magazine*. This change has been deemed necessary by the proprietors, owing to the confusion which has hitherto existed between the *Car Magazine* (monthly) and the *Car Illustrated* (weekly), both of which are published by the same firm. We note that this magazine still continues to keep up its former high standard, both in letterpress and illustration. The current number contains many well-written, illustrated articles dealing with topical events in the motor world.

Messrs. Savory and Co.

Messrs. H. L. Savory and Co.'s Turkish and Virginian Gold Tipped Cigarettes are now on sale throughout the whole of France and her Colonies, by Special Concession granted by the French Government. London address, 47, Piccadilly.

The Hand that Rocks the Cradle buys the Soap.

LET IT BE

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

FOR IT HAS

Three Unrivalled Merits:

IT IS DELIGHTFUL IN USE. IT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE.

IT PROTECTS FROM ALL INFECTION.

4d. a Tablet.

Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—JUNE 21, 1905.
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